

The COMPLETE CRUMB

COMICS

VOLUME 10
CRUMB
ADVOCATES
**VIOLENT
OVERTHROW!**

"A REVOLUTION
IS NOT A TEA
PARTY."
— CHAIRMAN
MAO TSE TUNG

TROUBLE IN
PARADISE FOR THE
ROBBER BARONS!



The next morning, Weaver, bleary-eyed and short-tempered, started in again on Robert. They were now shouting at one another and, quite frankly, for the old man to shout is a rare thing indeed; in other words, he too was pushed to his limits. At some point during this bizarre confabulation Pop sort of involuntarily took a step toward Weaver who automatically went into some kind of pit-bull commando attack stance, like he was gonna stomp the old man, who ain't no marine; everybody froze up. Dana must have figured that some line had been crossed, that the situation was now out of control, because she called the law.

Now, into the midst of the fray arrives this young country sheriff, who really tried to handle the situation. But it was too late, Weaver could not be assuaged, and so the sheriff put the cuffs on him and asked him his name. "I AM LORD GOD SATAN!" Weaver bellowed, his voice booming and cracking. Instantly, the sheriff put the super-duper-deluxe law-enforcement nerve-pinch to him. The two of them grunted and wrassled toward the door, Weaver screaming expletives, pulling amazing carnal verbs and adjectives out of the ether. DISTINCTLY "resisting arrest," he had his feet out in front of him, and as he was pushed forward, he knocked over furniture and bunched up the carpets. Finally, as a last-ditch effort, he threw his feet up against the doorjambs, so the sheriff had to work him out the door, grunting and laboring at the task, then BAM! "Satan" kicked the screen door clean off one of its hinges. He was put in the clink, Pop and I rode the "dawg" for nine hours to Dixon. So much for the "flower children."

This is the type of thing that was going on all the time while Robert worked on the material appearing in this book.

*—from the introduction
by Jesse Crumb*



Aline Kominsky and R. Crumb, 1975.

**THE
COMPLETE
GRUMB**

THE COMPLETE CRUMB

VOLUME 10

**CRUMB
ADVOCATES
VIOLENT
OVERTHROW**

Edited by Mark Thompson with Gary Groth

FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS
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Morse's Funnies was a one-copy comic made for attorney Albert Morse by cartoonists he represented.
Laughing Gas published by And/Or Press; the first edition had Crumb art on the back and in color.
The members of the Cheap Suit Serenaders (as seen on page 8) are Terry Zwigoff, R. Crumb, Al Dodge & Bob Armstrong.

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Young Lust #4 published by Print Mint in cooperation with Cartoonist Co-op Press.
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Anthology of Slow Death published by Wingbow Press (Wingnut/Last Gasp).

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Ken Weaver in Potter Valley, circa 1974.



*Jesse Crumb,
circa 1975,
eight years old.*



Arcade meeting at the Print Mint, Berkeley, CA. Left to right, front row: Don Schenker (original owner of the Print Mint), Aline Kominsky (not yet Kominsky-Crumb), Gilbert Shelton, Peggy Rita (she and her husband were just in the process of taking over the business from Don Schenker), Spain Rodriguez, Willy Murphy. Back row: Robert Armstrong, Diane Noomin, George Kuchar, Michael McMillan, Bill Griffith, S. Clay Wilson, R. Crumb, Bob Rita, Justin Green, James Osborne.

INTRODUCTION

Ah, yes, the early '70s... good lord... choke! What a weird time — a strange amalgamation of a '60s-era “youth in rebellion” social scene, rock concerts, crash pads, gurus, acid, suddenly forced to cope with the hard-edged political realities of the '70s: Nixon, Watergate, the end of Vietnam, and the first OPEC price hikes. It seems to me that these contradictory elements helped to create a subtle tension, an underlying anxiety that promoted a general social confusion: feminists, panthers, and back-to-the-landers... The Big Schism. There still existed a general affiliation amongst those on the fringe, the “counterculture,” but the connection was looser.

I think the situation was already deteriorating by the early '70s. There was a brief fluctuation about '72, when the back-to-the-land trip was at its peak, but this also began to disintegrate rapidly, and by '75-'76 was sliding into the permanent funk that is now contemporary American society. Of course, I'm talking about the fringe here (circa 1975), and typically, when a system begins to break down, the least stable elements are the first to suffer the consequences; the turmoil was definitely reflected in the then-current scene. As a young boy in the mid-'70s, I remember that time as the beginning of a change in the social tone, as it were. Some elusive ingredient was suddenly absent; the goofy humor, the relatively unself-conscious “communal” arrangements, the original “underground” comics, were all adversely affected. 1975 marks the beginning of the end to what John Fowles called “...the old green freedom.”

It seems to me that people were beginning to be more “uptight” in the mid-'70s... Folks were hiding out, holed up, still lightly political (mostly “local” politics), and occasionally casting aspersions at the “establishment.” And, yes, the old man was right in there, sort of limply challenging the system. Sorry, but it's the sad truth, and — oh man — did he bite off more than he could chew!

So what am I talking about? In 1975, the old man drew a little ditty entitled “Frosty the Snowman” which appeared in *Arcade* #4 and consists of Frosty and two comrades setting out to fire-bomb the “Rockerfella” Mansion, and succeeding in doing so.

Uh... So what, right?

Well, it's been privately (until now, that is) speculated that the “Frosty” strip was at least partly responsible for the R. Crumb vs. the I.R.S. debacle. No real “proof,” of course, and yet more than mere paranoia prompts such speculation. I mean, think about it: Pop “advocates” violence against established American plutocrats and within a year is embroiled in a vicious fight with a group of unreasonable and unwavering bureaucrats. For example, according to the old man, at one point early in the game, he showed up to talk to some “agents” and was confronted with a file three inches thick. They knew EVERYTHING! Bastards! Pop tried to squeak out a little protest and they fuckin' squashed him, fast. It cost the old man dearly, he was forced to part with most of his great collectibles and original artwork for a pittance, plus add to that a big chunk of sanity. And then — when he and Aline had finally raised the dough — the I.R.S.

declared them in a higher income bracket and demanded more of the folding green! This was, it appears to me, a “dirty trick,” a concerted effort to “punish” counter-culture “spokesman” R. Crumb.

The point is, people were nervous. Pop's said it before and I concur, there was a systematic attack on the “counter-culture” by the Powers That Be, and quite frankly THEY were very successful, very god-damned efficient, and their methodical campaign simply intensified existing divisions amongst those on the Fringe.

Did this situation have an effect on the spirit of the old man's work? Absolutely. Crazy situations would somehow be reflected in the work, if only because his sense of humor was strained. But of course it wasn't that simple. Social relations on a personal level were, for many, strained during the mid-'70s and the old man was not exempt, suffering a virtual flurry of ugly little scenarios — for instance one of the many Ken Weaver fiascos.

Ah, yes — the unforgettable Ken Weaver, a standout character in the colorful pantheon of interesting individuals that paraded through Pop's life and mine. Almost universally referred to as “Weaver” or perhaps “The Weaver,” as in “The Man” or “The People,” terms from

BY JESSE CRUMB

the hip argot which attempted to define a group, element, or thing with sinister under-tones. Actually, Weaver wasn't all bad, he had to swim in the same water we all did, but Weaver's brand of “humor” always seemed to conjure up different definitions: aberration, dementia, frenzy, raving, delirium, hallucination, lycanthropy... Anyway, something more maniacal than your average intellectual hipster. He was an original Texas hippie-billy *cum* rock star, biker, zoo-keeper, all-manner-of-odd-jobs — including temporarily-born-again — and still later, author (*Texas Crude*, a truly great work, check it out!). Probably his most famous role, however, was that of co-founder and member of the Fugs. In his own words, “...He helped form a group of talented crazies into an undisciplined amoralist cadre...”

After the Fugs “supernovaed,” Weaver, via a circuitous route, ended up in San Francisco, where, according to legend, he promptly availed himself of the hospitality of ex-girlfriend Betsy Klein and her roommate... The Bunch.

Aline knew Weaver from her days as a young rebel and groupie of the Fugs in New York, and later as an art student in Tucson, and now a burned-out Weaver was crashing on her sofa in S.F. And this, consequently, is where my mother, Dana, first came to know him.

Eventually, Aline and Weaver both had their own trailers on the “farm” (the “Eel-Riviera”) in Potter Valley and yet, when the dust cleared, after the Final Straw, the big exodus, after Pop and Aline were gone (as well as a few others), Weaver remained. The Big Migration occurred, for the most part, in ’74 (Popsplit in July ’74) and by this point communication between my parents had deteriorated badly, but Pop was trying to do the right thing, and so it was in ’75 that I was to go with him to his and Aline’s place in Dixon.

The Old Man (R. Crumb to you, pal) came out to the Potter place in order to accompany me on the Greyhound to Dixon. When he arrived the night before we were to leave, the situation was very tense. All those concerned were very uptight, Weaver was already relatively ill-equipped to deal with such a scene, and he had probably been whipped into a frenzy by Dana’s fear and hatred of Robert. So he started right off by laying into the old man, berating him mercilessly into the wee hours. Finally everyone retired, but not Weaver, he fumed and paced about all night, harassing Dana, swilling beer after beer, and becoming more and more irritable and explosive.

The next morning, Weaver, bleary-eyed and short-tempered, started in again on Robert. They were now shouting at one another and, quite frankly, for the old man to shout is a rare thing indeed; he too was pushed to his limits. At some point during this bizarre confabulation Pop sort of involuntarily took a step toward Weaver, who automatically went into some kind of pit-bull commando attack stance, like he was gonna stomp the old man, who ain’t no marine. Everybody froze up; Dana must have figured that some line had been crossed, that the situation was now out of control, because she called the law.

Now into the midst of the fray arrives this young country sheriff, who really tried to handle the situation; but it was too late, Weaver could not be assuaged, and so the sheriff put the cuffs on him and asked him his name. “I AM LORD GOD SATAN!” Weaver bel-lowed, his voice booming and cracking. Instantly the sheriff put the super-duper-deluxe law-enforcement nerve-pinch to him. The two of them grunted and wrassled toward the door, Weaver screaming expletives, pulling amazing carnal verbs and adjectives out of the ether. DISTINCTLY “resisting arrest,” he had his feet out in front of him, and he was pushed forward, he knocked over furniture and bunched up the carpets. Finally, as a last-ditch effort, he threw his feet up against the door-jambs so the sheriff had to work him out the door, grunting and laboring at the task, then BAM! “Satan” kicked the screen door clean off one of its hinges. He was put in the clink. Pop and I rode the “dawg” for nine hours to Dixon. So much for the “flower children.”

This is the type of thing that was going on all the time while Robert worked on the material appearing in this book. Jeezis. Oh, well, most of ’em made it, more or less, by exchanging their so-called values for charge-cards and self-aggrandizing power positions in businesses profiting from the merchandising of the “counter-culture,” consumed *en masse* by culturally bankrupt “thirteeners” and nostalgic, hand-wringing “Boomers.” It’s never been the same, and never will be again, I’m sorry if you disagree, but hey! If you don’t like it, in the words of Ken Weaver, “Take a flyin’ fuck at a rollin’ doughnut!”

“Have a nice day.” ☺

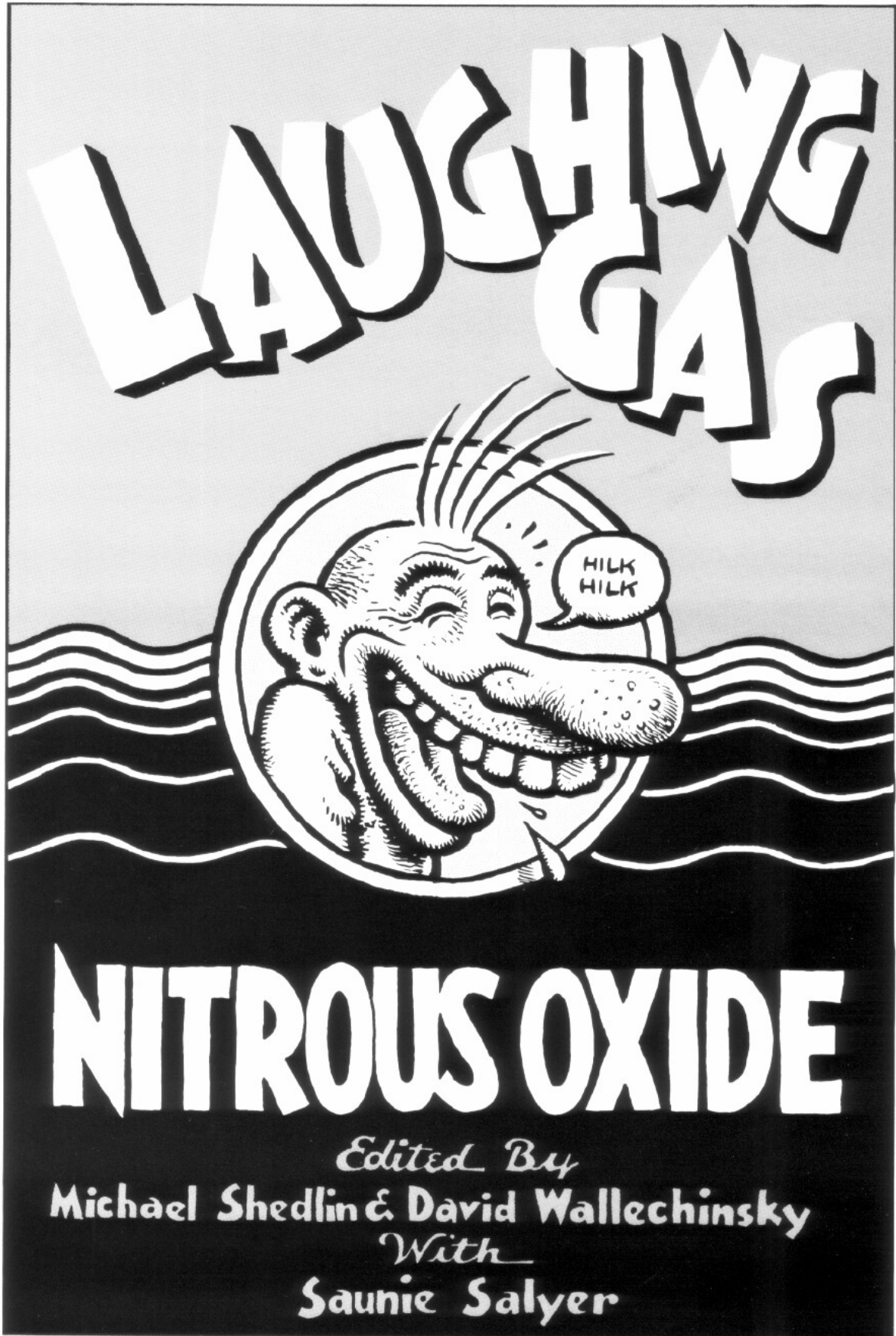
Jesse Crumb

“Hazbro’s” Place, Talmage, CA, October, 1993

MORSE'S FUNNIES



WE LOVE YOU, ALBERT -
R. "HACK IT OUT" CRUMB ©1973



YEAH, BUT IS IT ART?

MY BOOK, YOU STABBED MY BOOK.

POOR BABY WHATEA' MATTER.

YEAH... SURE IT'S ART. WHY NOT?

ART SHMAZ!

WHO CARES! FUG IT!

NO WAIT! THIS IS SERIOUS.

MORAL: DON'T DRAW WHILE DRINKING AND DON'T DRINK WHILE DRAWING.

IGNORANCE. I LOST MY BOOKS. CREDULITY LICE!

TRAY LESS AT MEL'S. BEST FOR LESS. SMILLY'S.

TROMP

PAIN OH PAIN

SHIT HOWDY, AREN'T THEY CUTE...

PAT PAT

NOW THAT YOU HAVE YOUR DEGREE, WE CAN USE YOU!

GLUB SLOP GLAP

CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD OF GOVERNORS

PRESIDENT

IN RECOGNITION OF THE FULFILLMENT OF ALL THE REQUIREMENTS FOR THIS DEGREE AWARDED THIS EIGHTEENTH DAY OF MAY, 1970.



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R. CRUMB '74



Friday, March 8th & Saturday, March 9th, 1974
Continuous Show from 8PM to 2AM

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with
R. CRUMB and his CHEAP-SUIT SERENADERS



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8:00 P.M. FRIDAY
October 11th, 1974

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Sure, they'd like to make a few bucks with their music, but they refuse to bow to any fad or to prance around on a stage dressed in women's clothes like some of these weirdo rock groups! So, if you're in the market for honest, down-to-earth, home-grown music to listen to, give these fellows a spin on your record player! You'll be glad you did!!

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NUMBER 16

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COMMUNE IN SECTOR C-14
NOW IN PROCESS OF BEING
RED-TAGGED... ROGER...
OVER-AND-OUT...



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ART SPIEGELMAN
SPAIN RODRIGUEZ
JUSTIN GREEN
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SHARY FLENNIKEN
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JAY LYNCH
KIM DEITCH



KOMINSKY & CRUMB

= in =

"LET'S HAVE A LITTLE TALK"

= by =

R. CRUMB AND A. KOMINSKY

©1974

ALINE, YOU SAY YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT WHAT PEOPLE WILL THINK... JUST WHAT IS IT THAT WORRIES YOU, CUTIE-PIE??

WELL FOR ONE THING I'M AFRAID MY DRAWING LOOKS TOO CRUDE AND UGLY NEXT TO YOURS.

PEOPLE WILL MAKE FUN OF ME



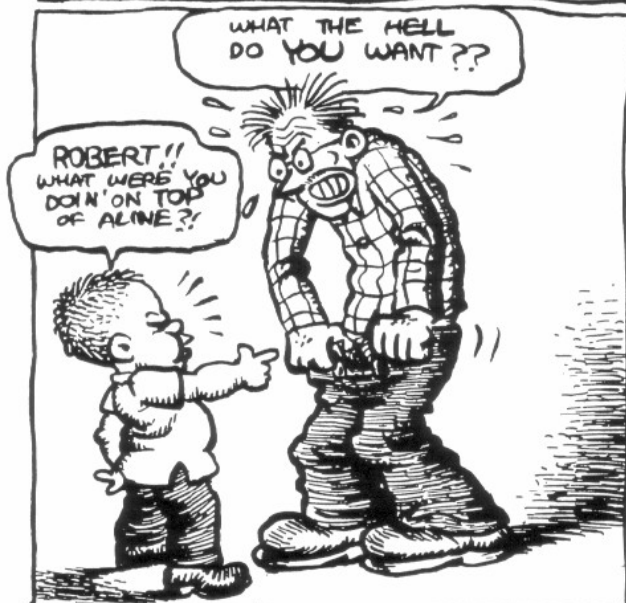
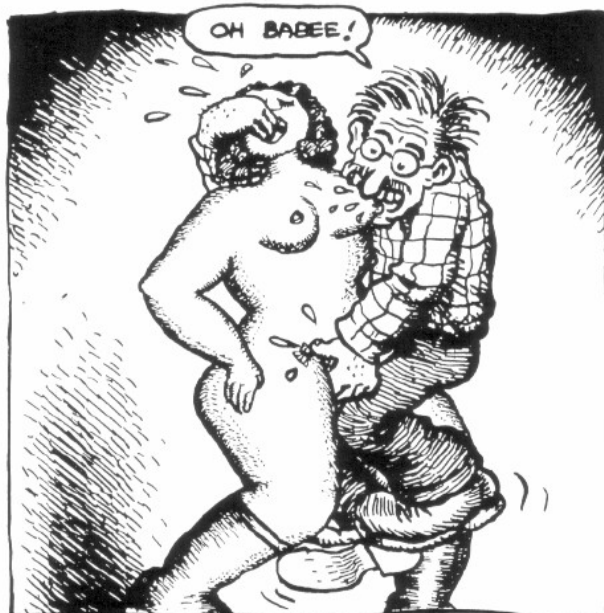
A Line 'n' Bob's Funtime FUNNIES

by Crumb & Kominsky







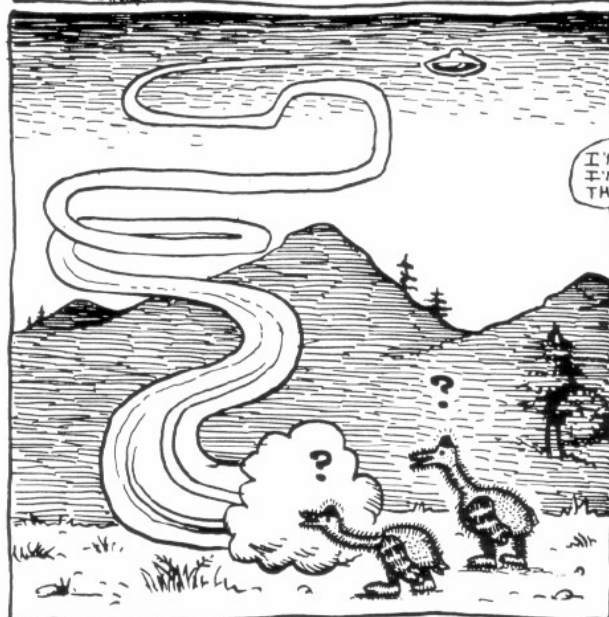
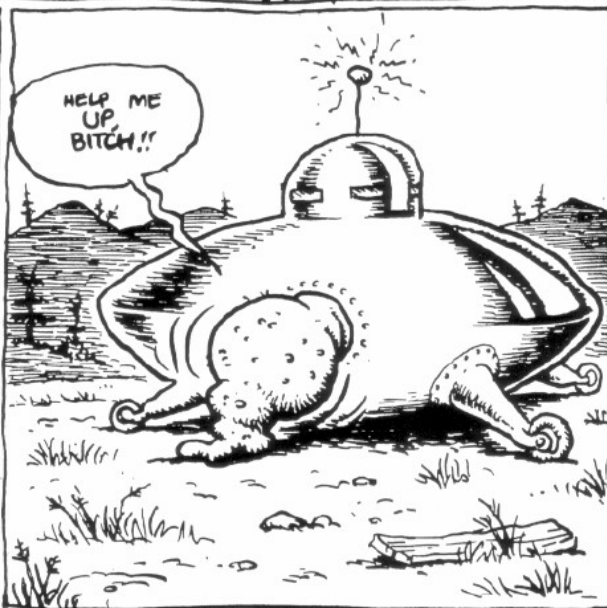
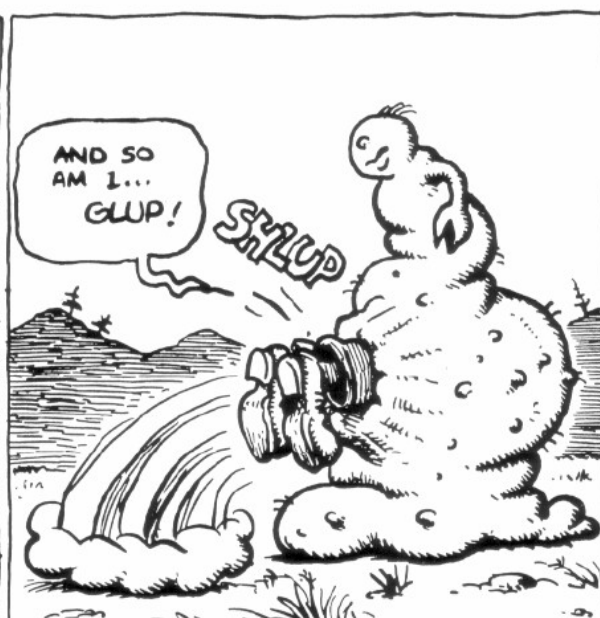


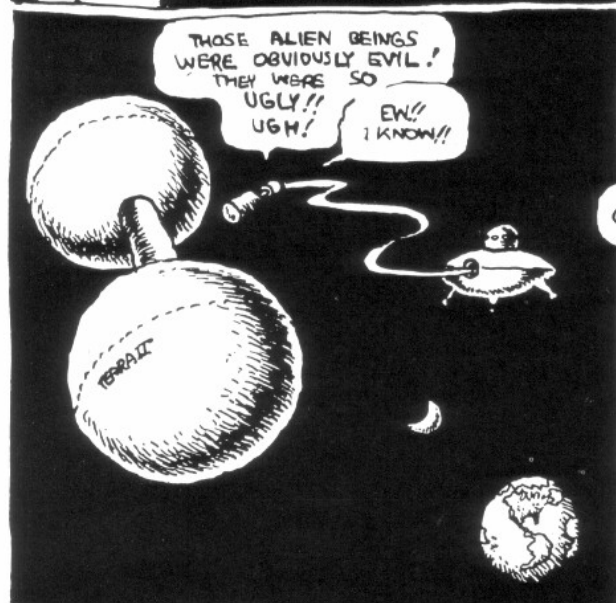


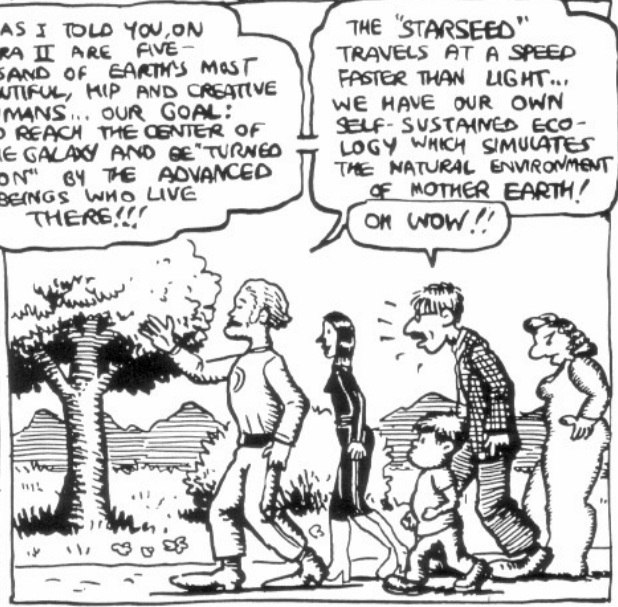






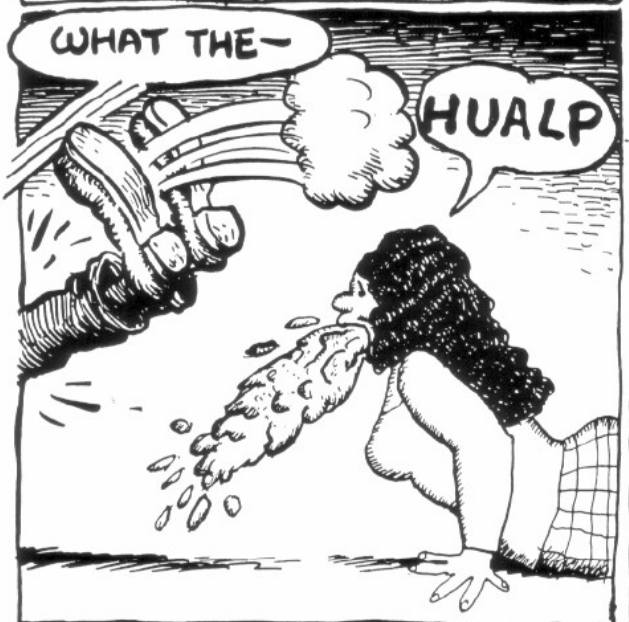
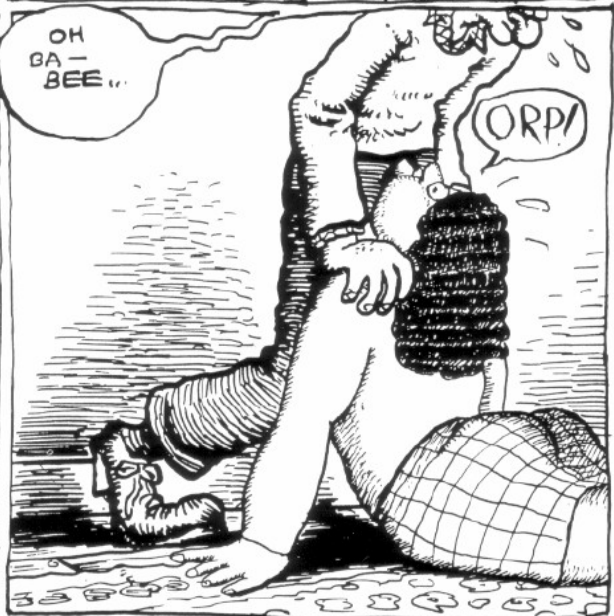




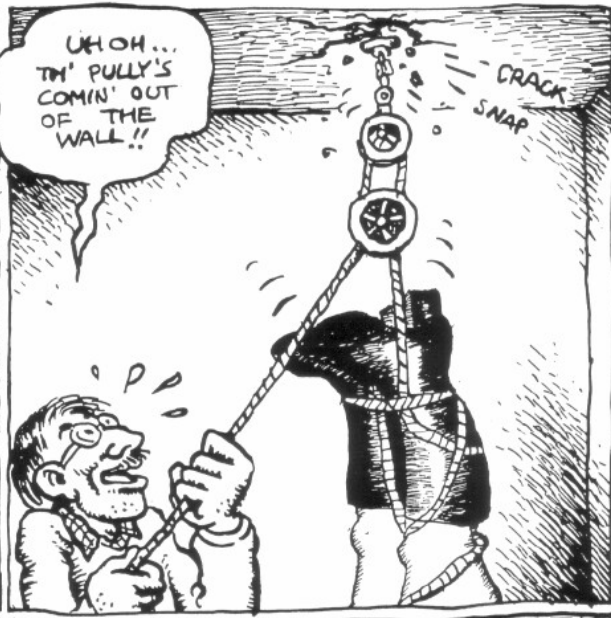
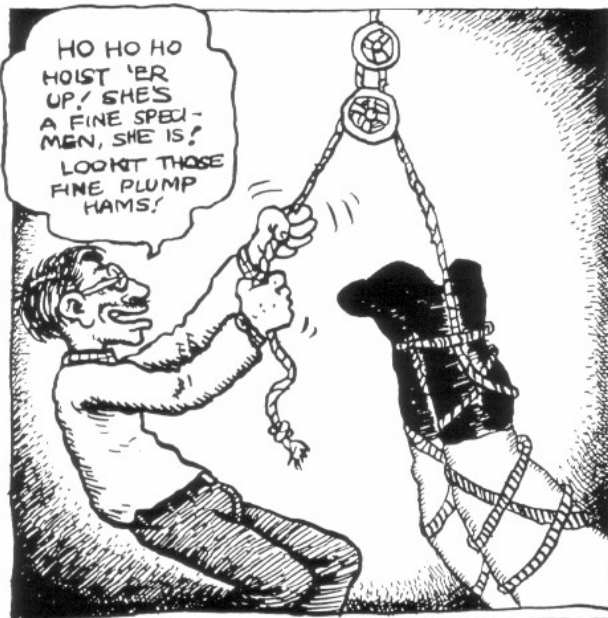










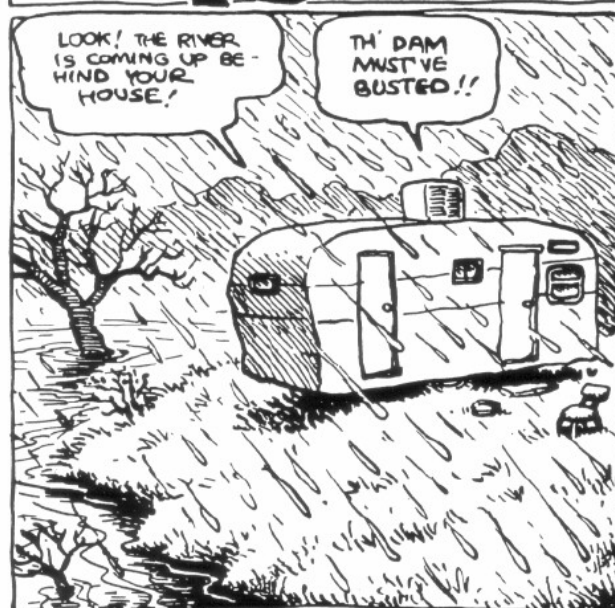












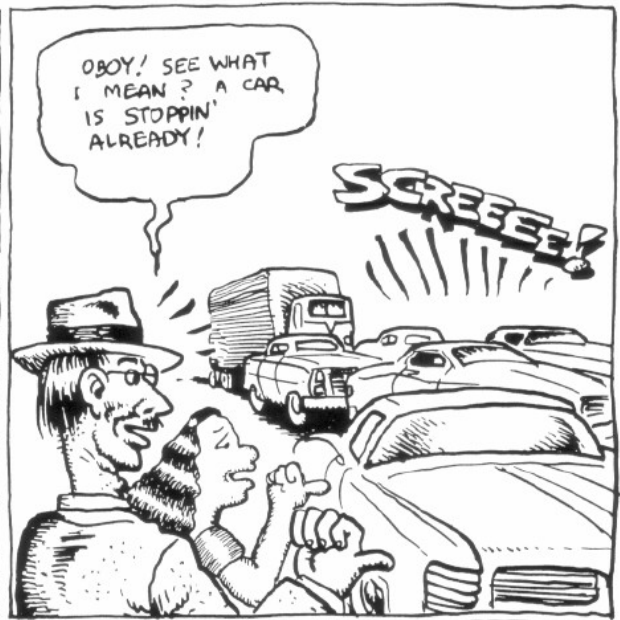






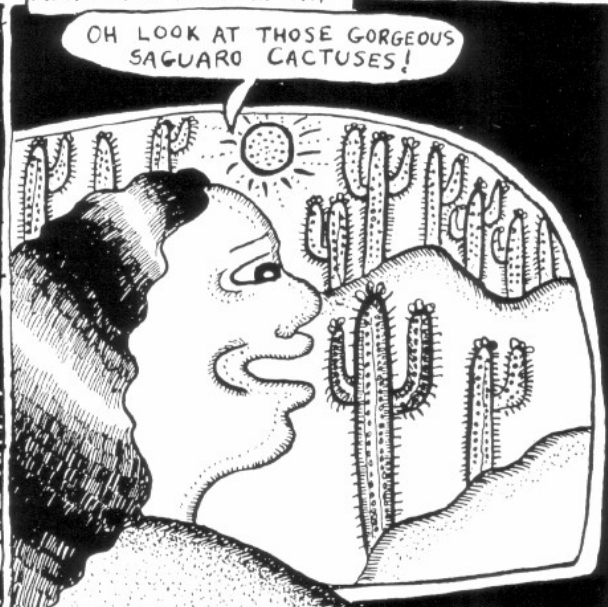








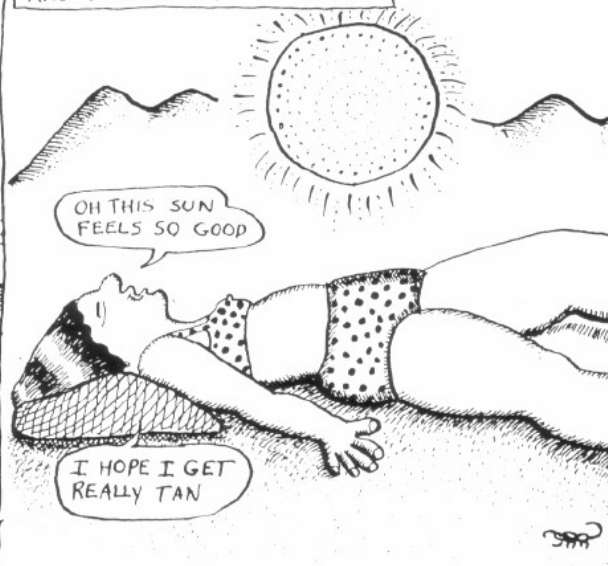
MEANWHILE THE NEXT DAY:



AND IN ANOTHER PART OF THE COUNTRY...



AND MEANWHILE, IN TUCSON.



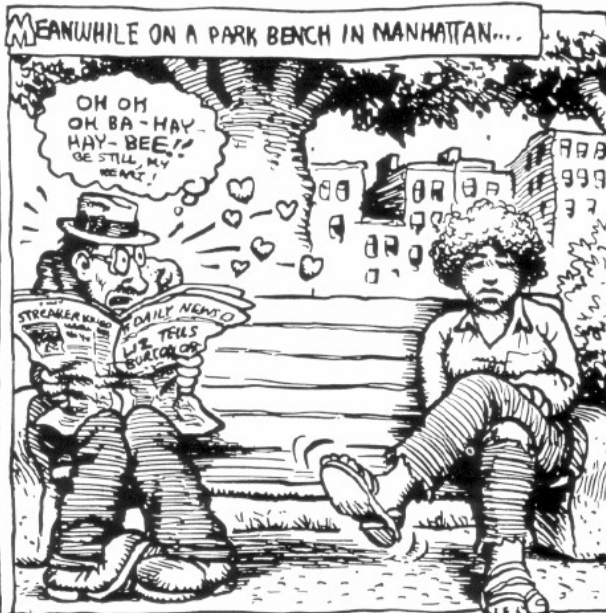
Meanwhile....



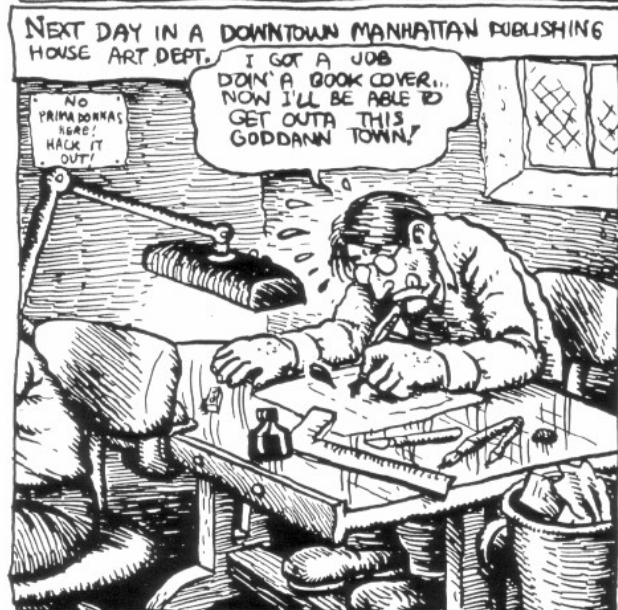
MEANWHILE: ALINE HAS A REUNION WITH HER OLD FRIENDS













TURNABOUT'S fair play



FLYER FOR "DIRTY LAUNDRY COMIC"



CLEVER AD COPY BY R. CRUMB

THE JOHN
AND YOKO OF
UNDERGROUND
COMICS!!

Yes, Dirty Laundry Comics contains an entirely unique approach to the art of cartooning... The four panels above demonstrate the method used... R. Crumb portrays himself in all his zany eccentricity, while Aline draws herself as the cute, lovable, hilarious girl that she is! Together they make a duo that is the Laff-gettingest comic-book of the Year!!!

GET:

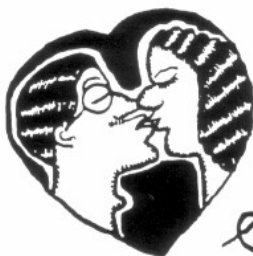
DIRTY LAUNDRY COMICS

Starring R. CRUMB and ALINE KOMINSKY

LURID
SEX
SCENES!!

75
CENTS
RETAIL

PUBLISHED BY THE
CARTONISTS
CO-OPERATIVE
PRESS









NO.7
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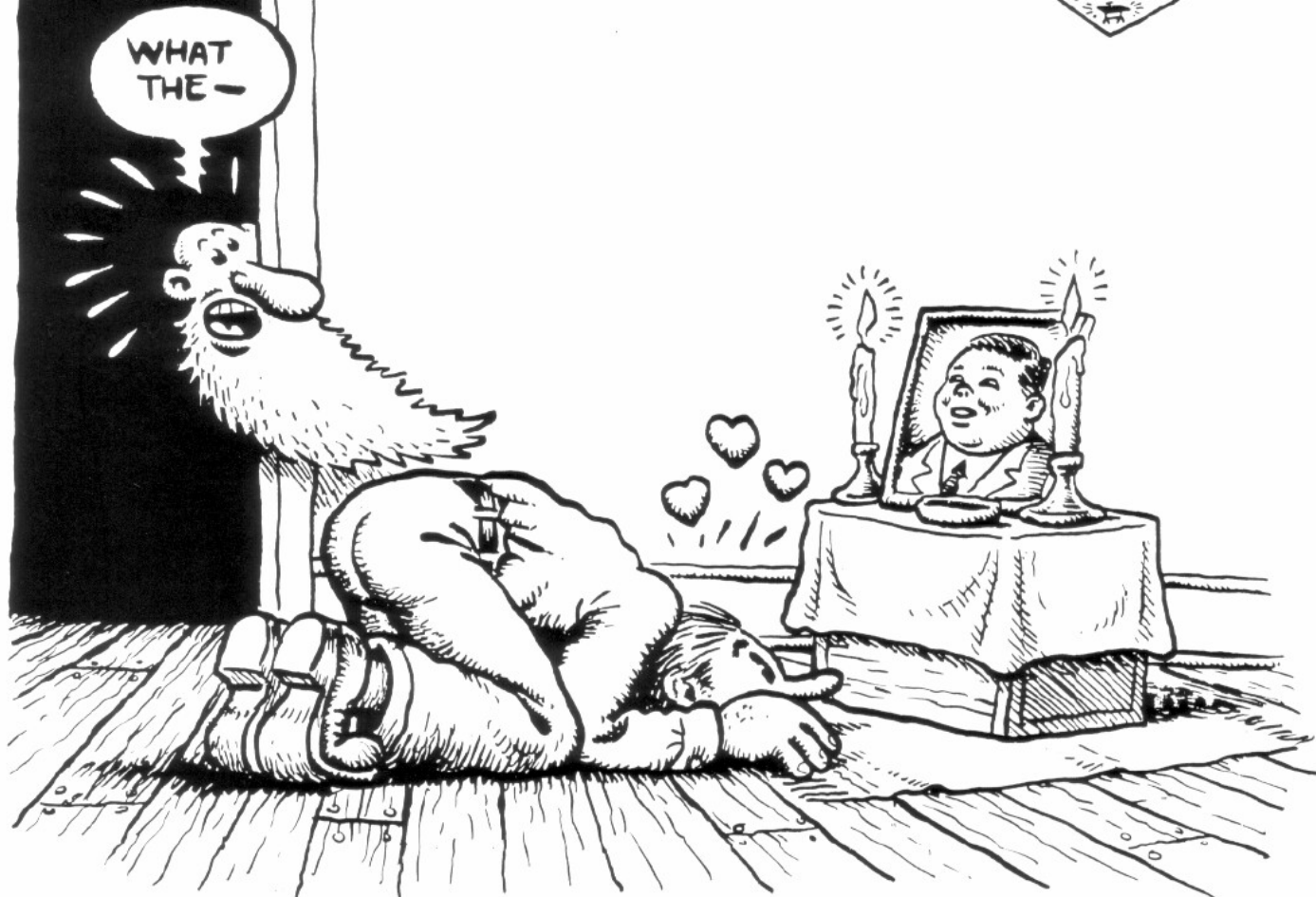
ZAP

50¢

comics

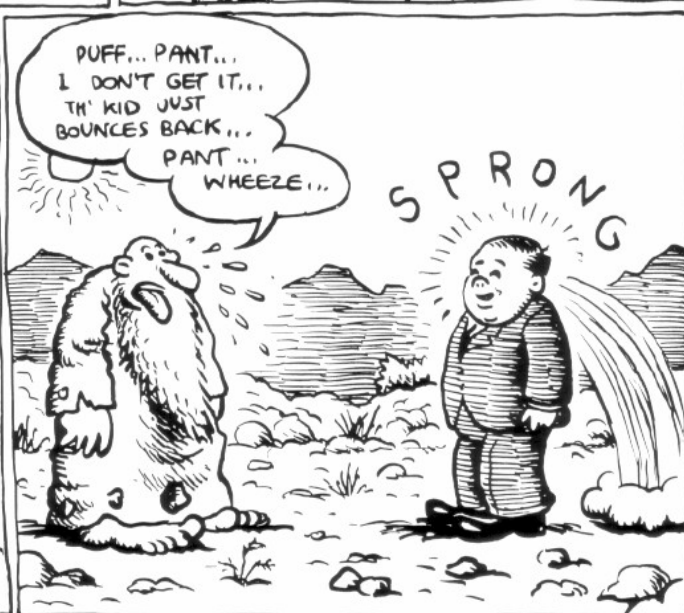


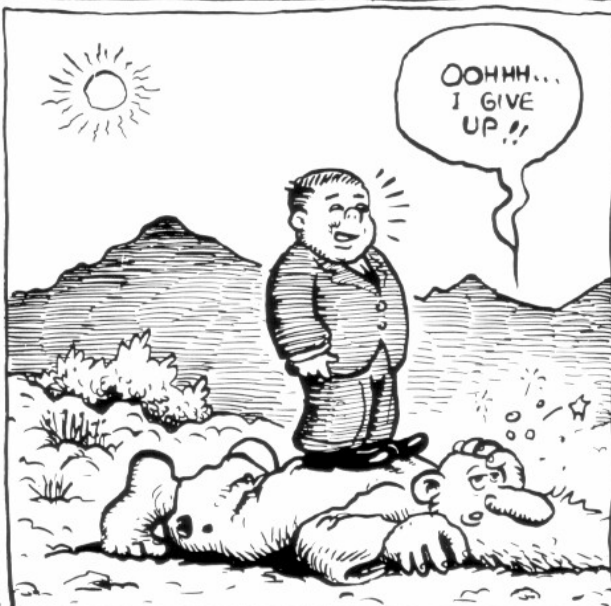
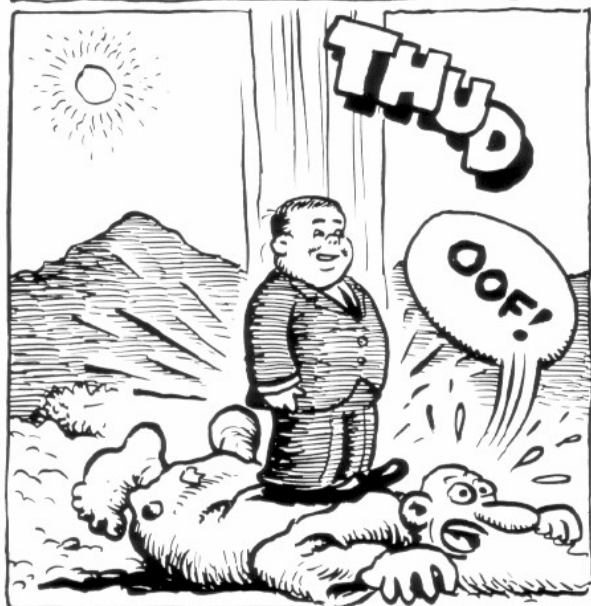
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THE—

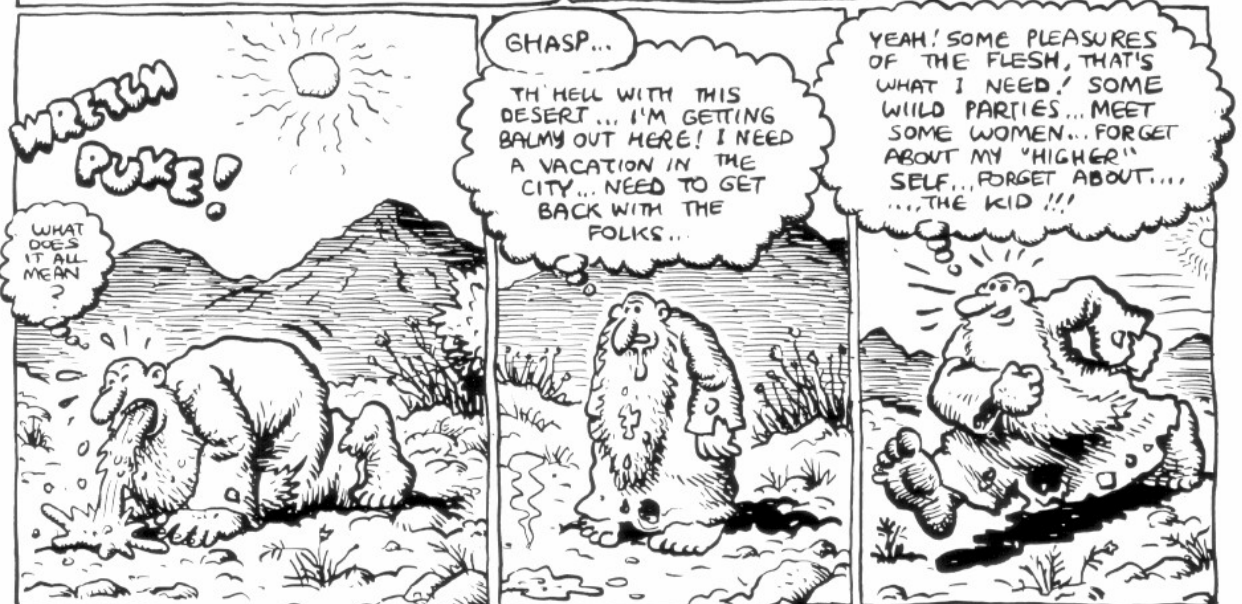
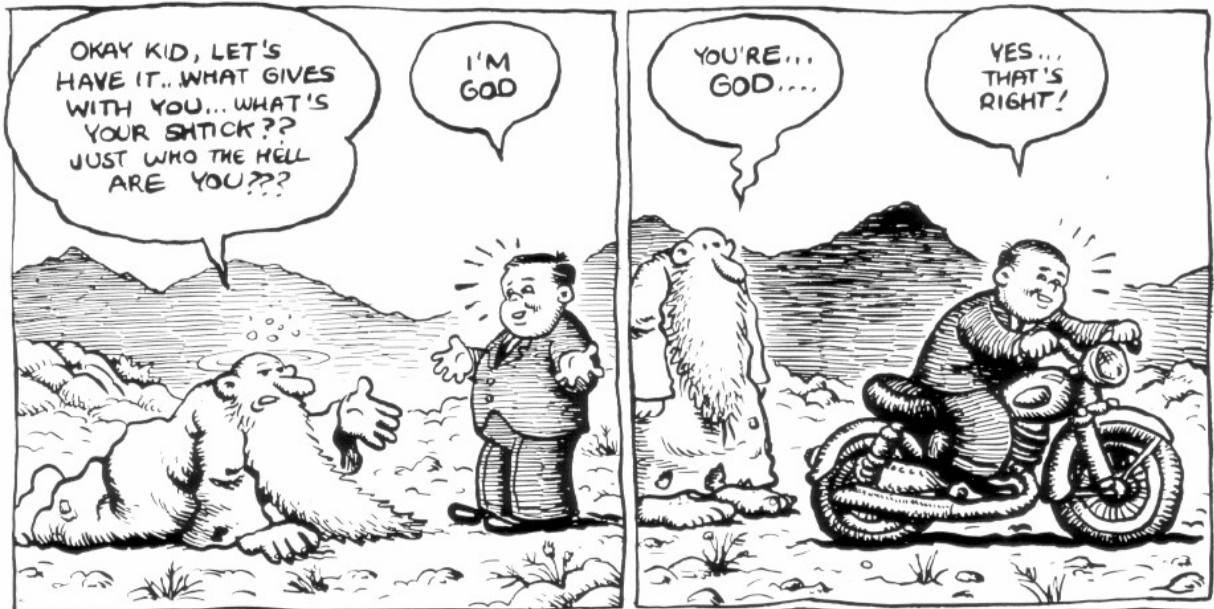


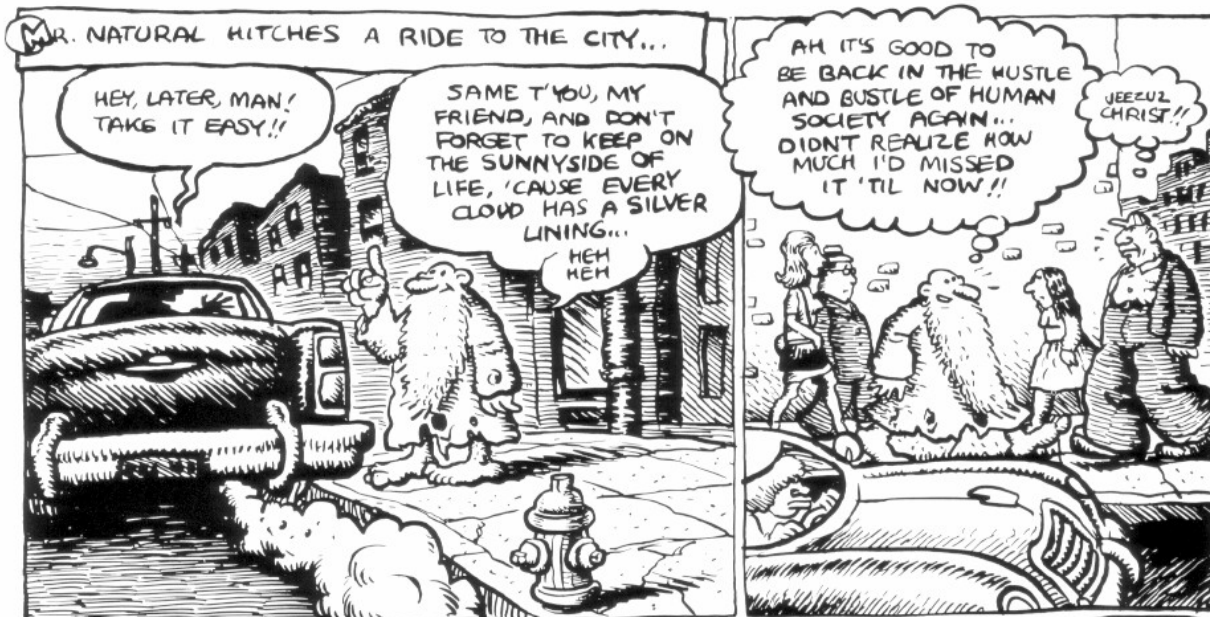








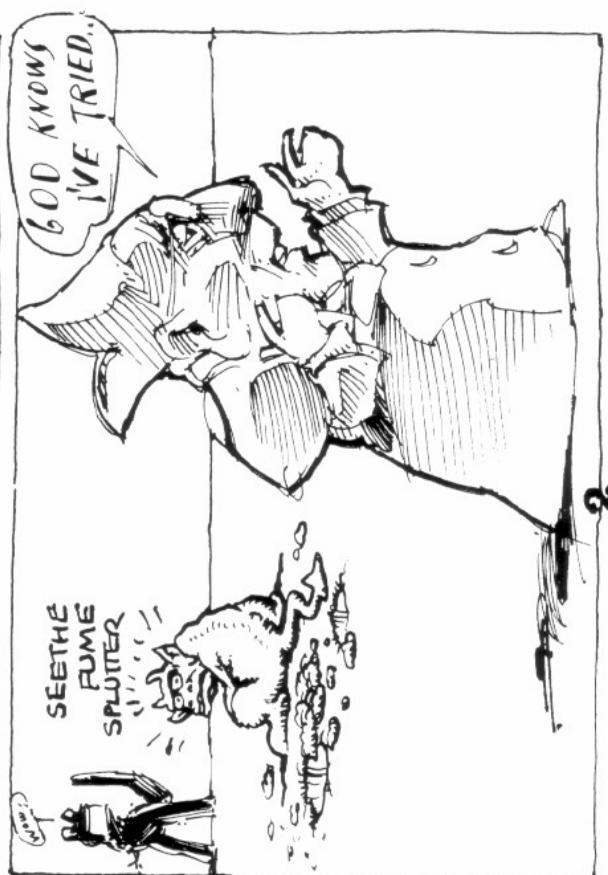
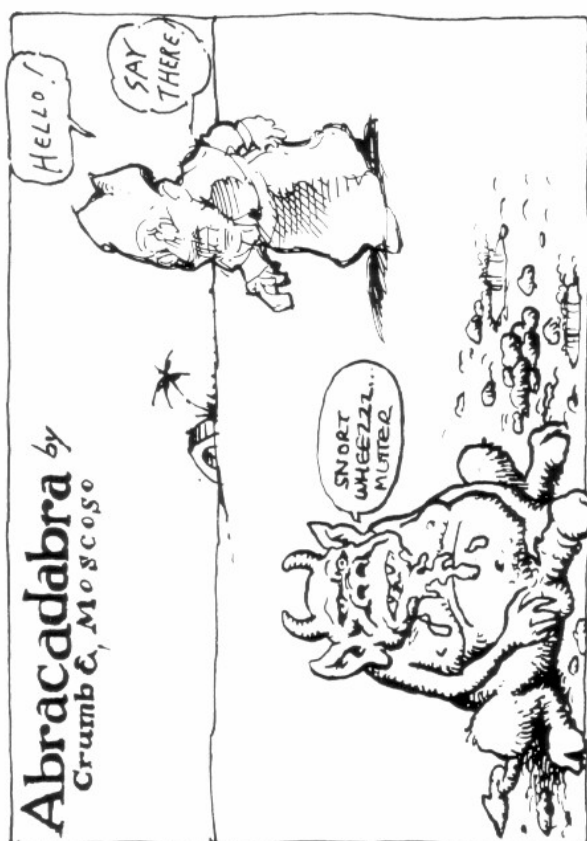


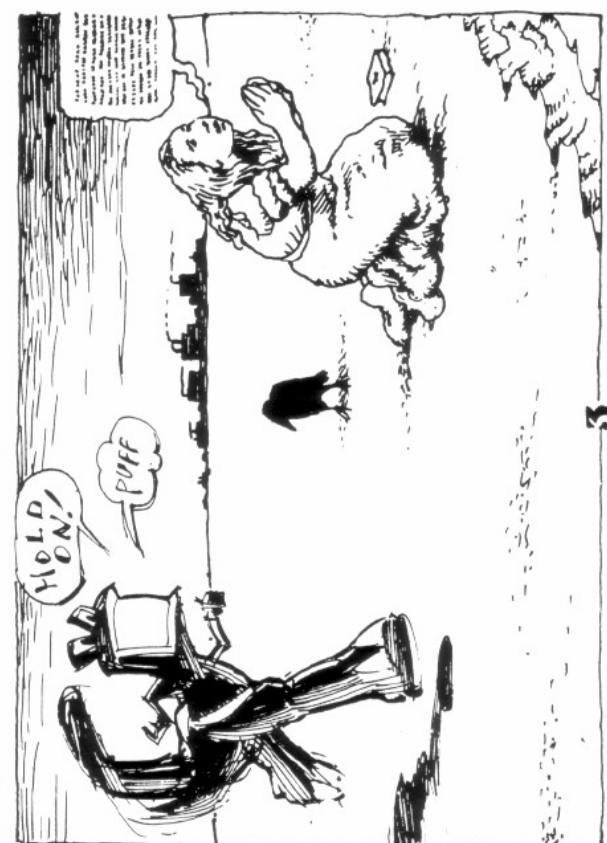
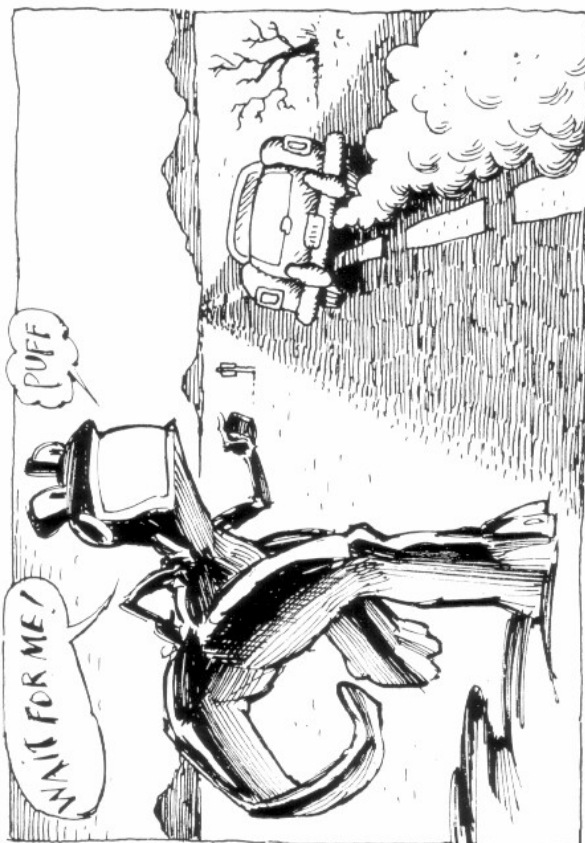




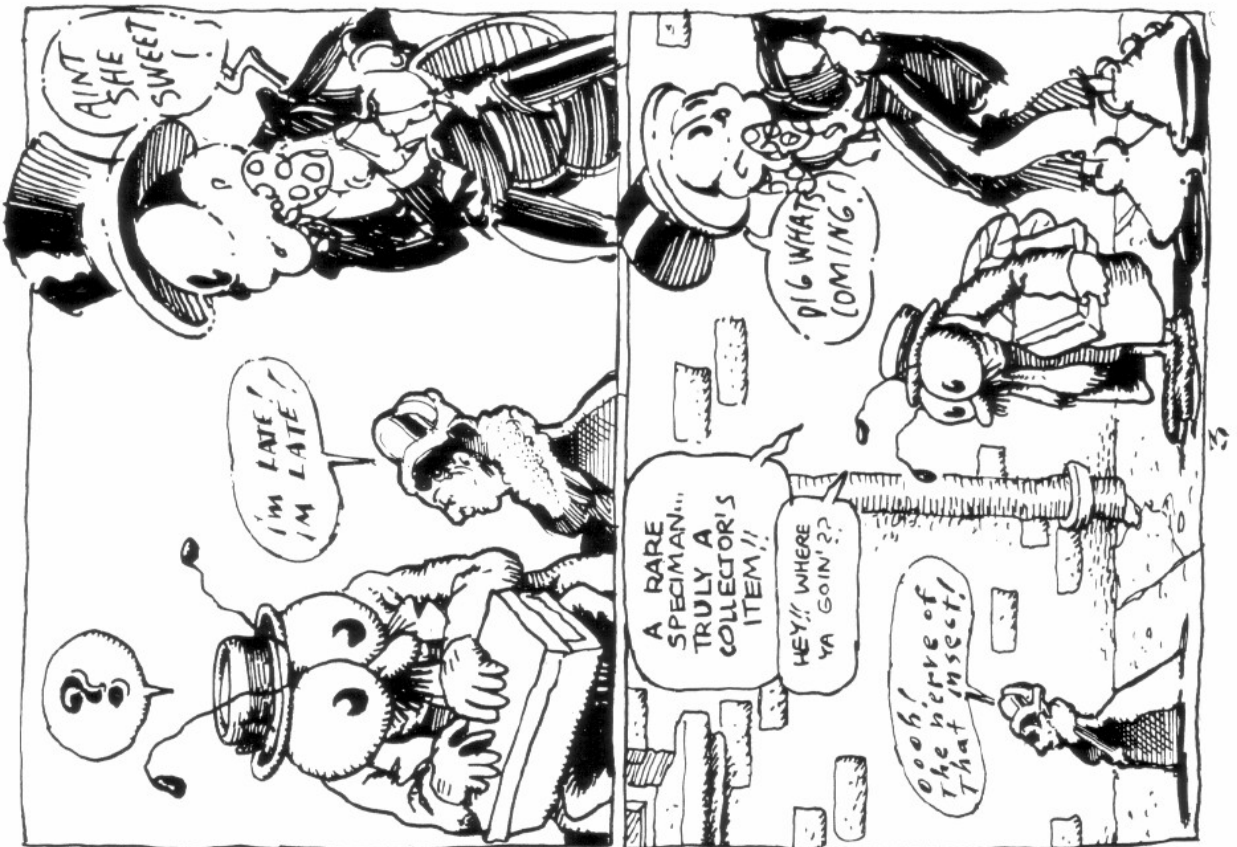
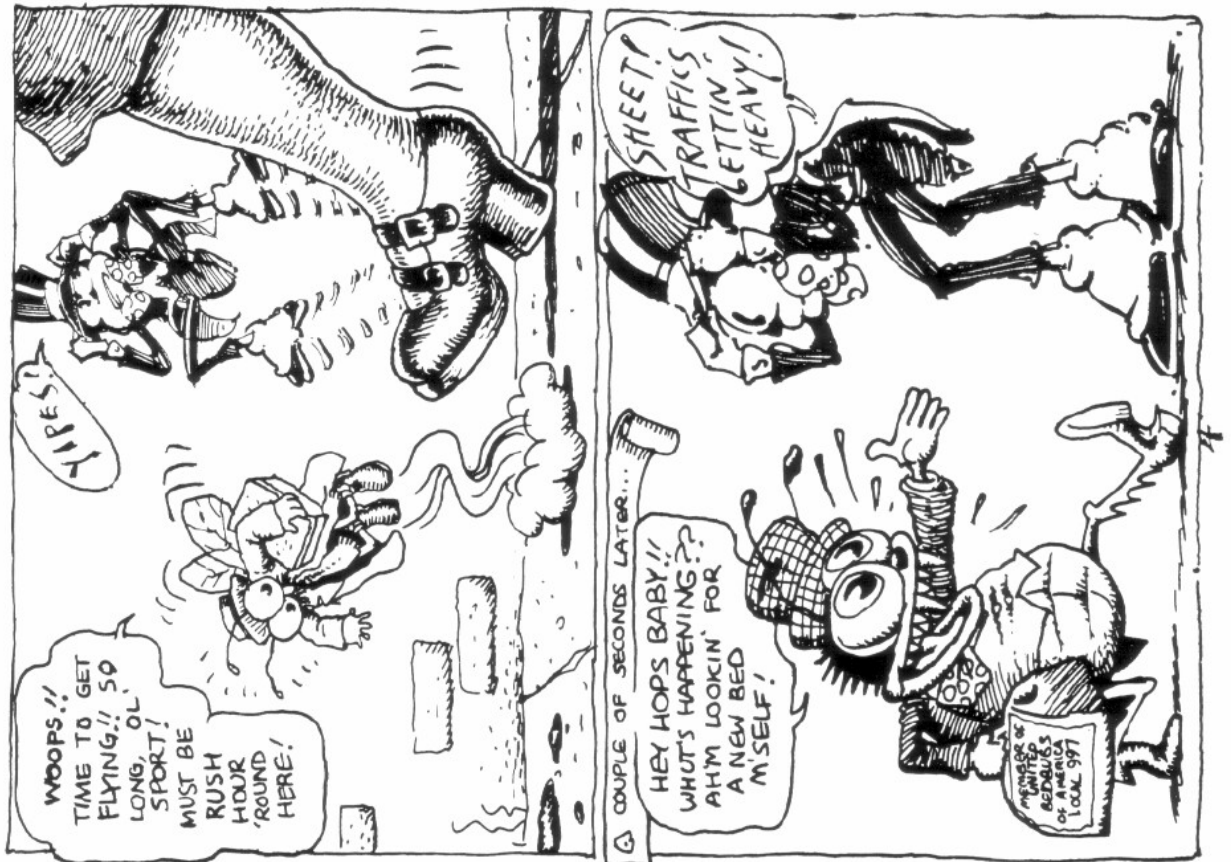


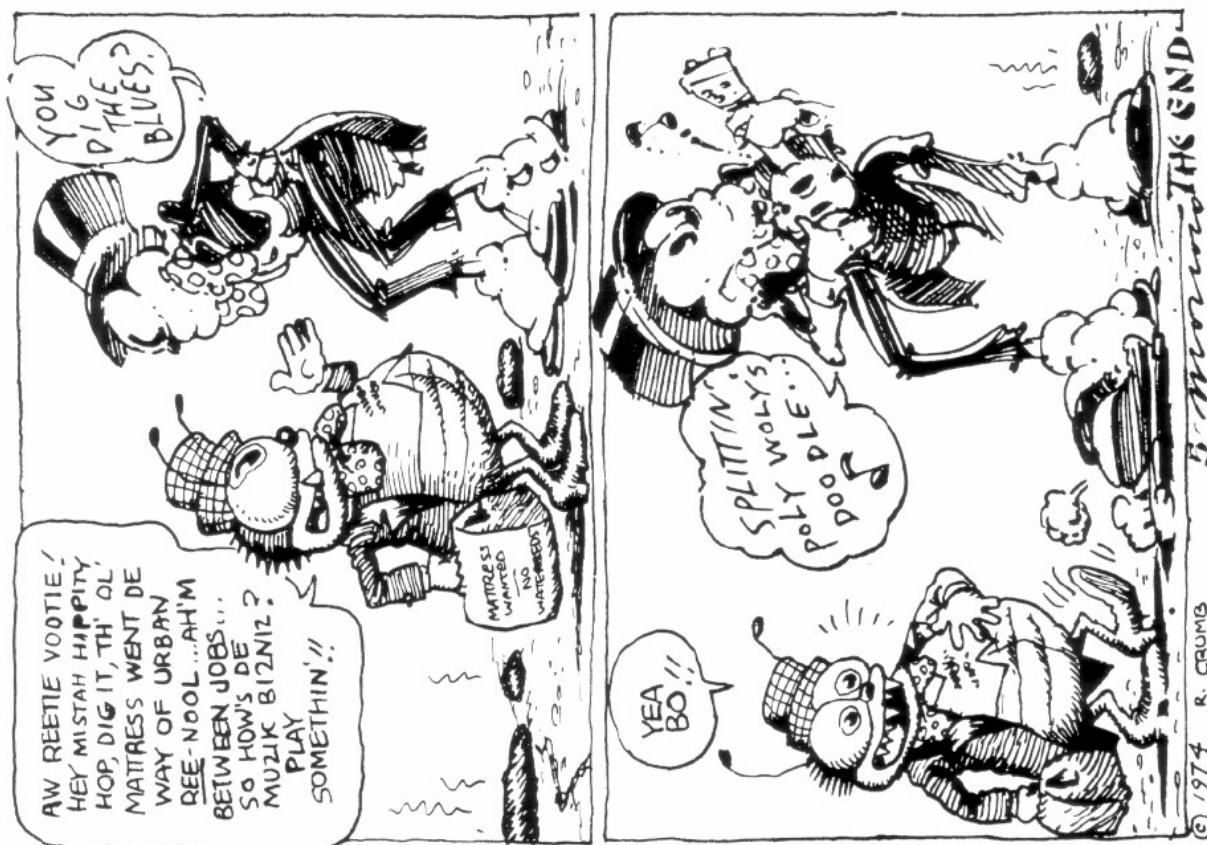














"THE EXPERT" — R. "GIVE 'EM HELL" CRUMB

R. Crumb's HEAD COMIX



TRICKS COMICS

2
BITS

25¢

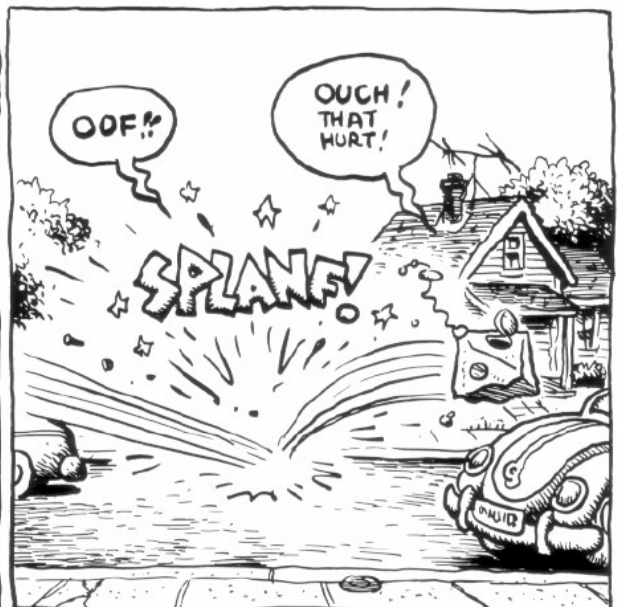


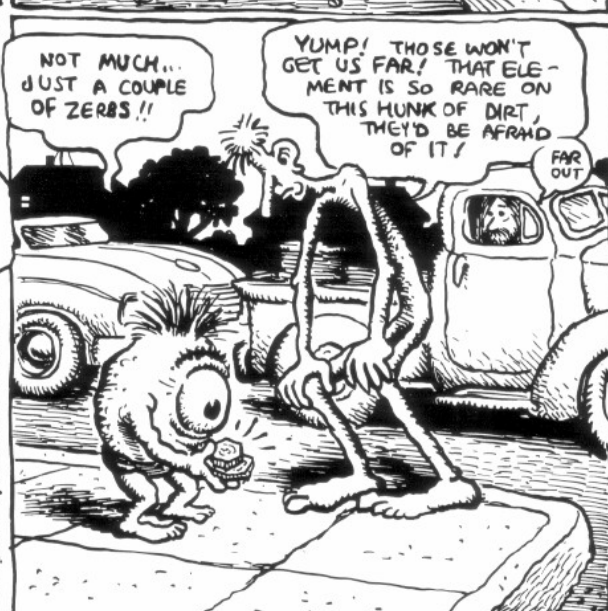
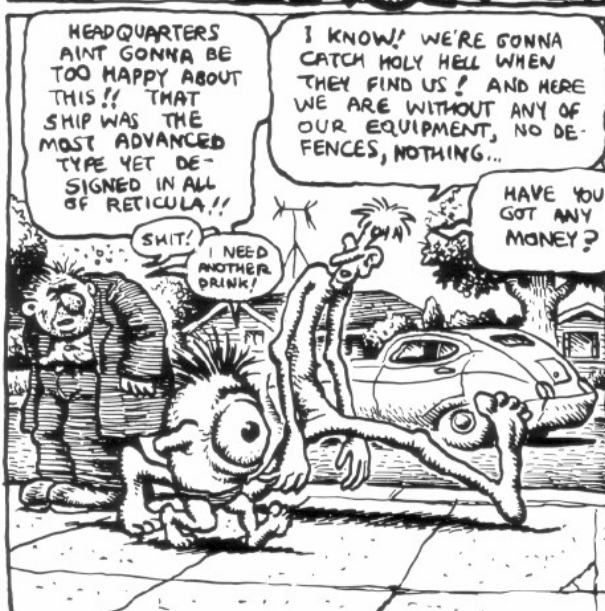
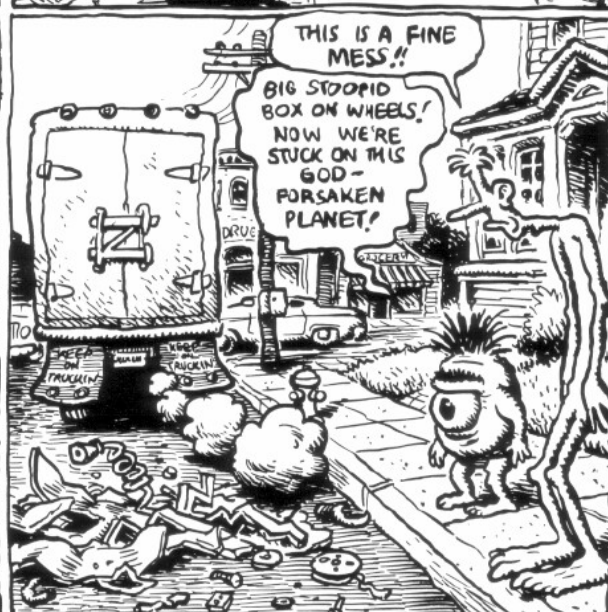
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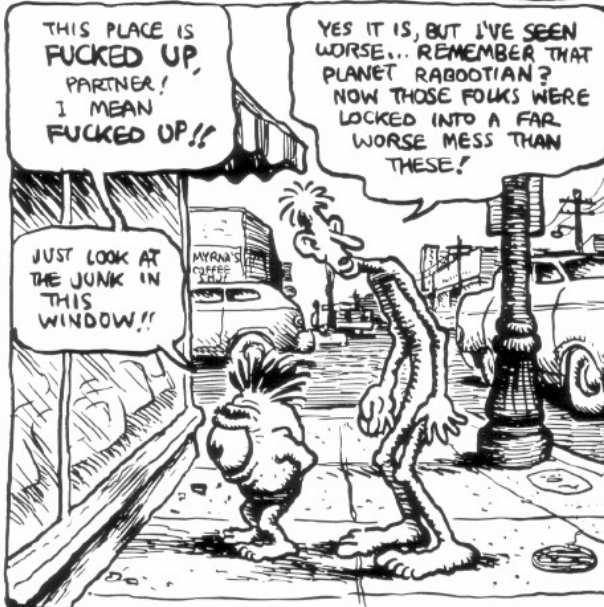
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JUNE 21 · EXHIBIT HALL · HYATT REGENCY · SAN FRANCISCO

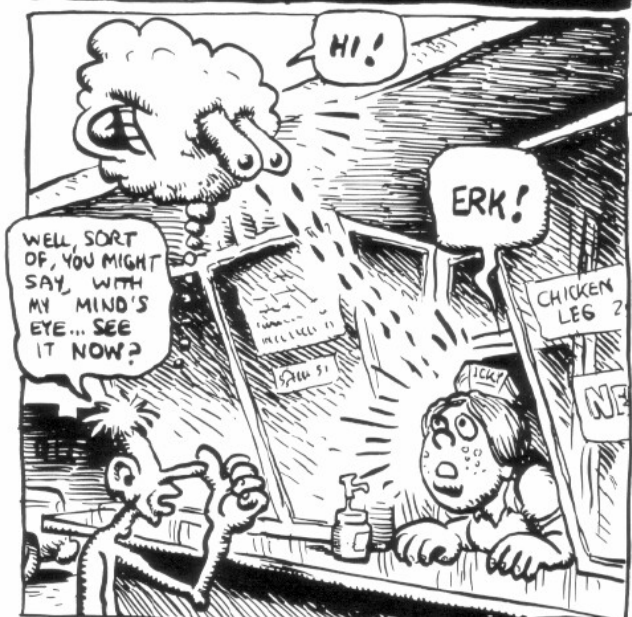
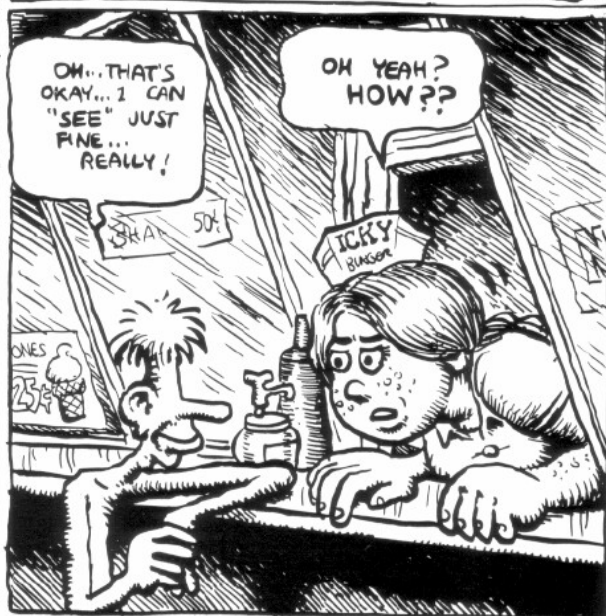
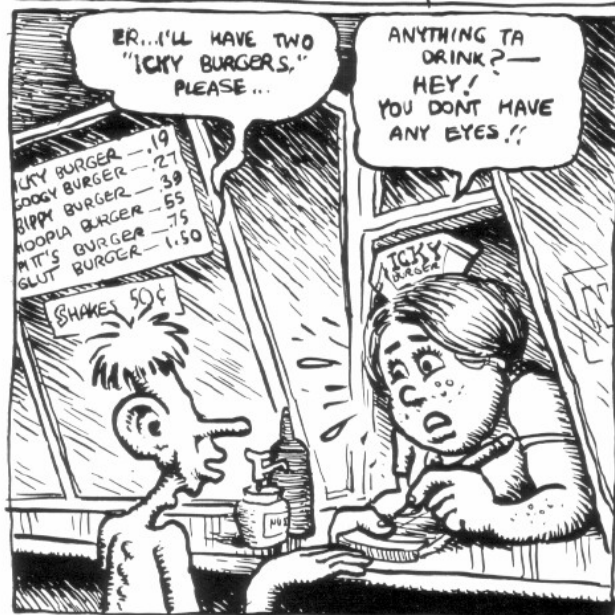
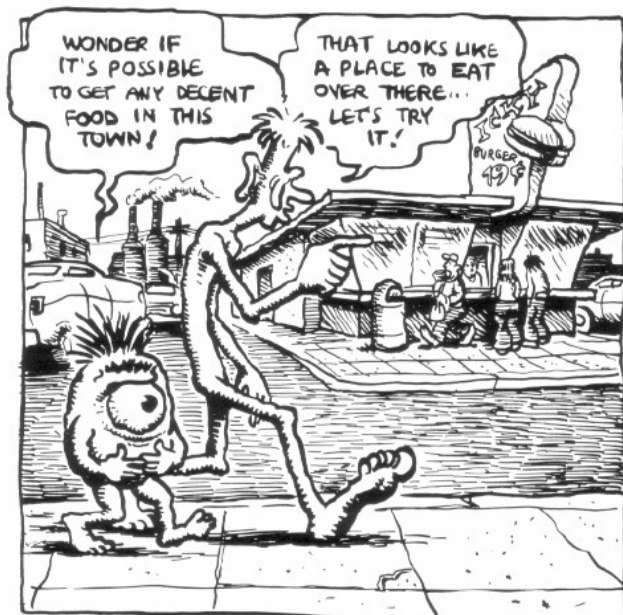


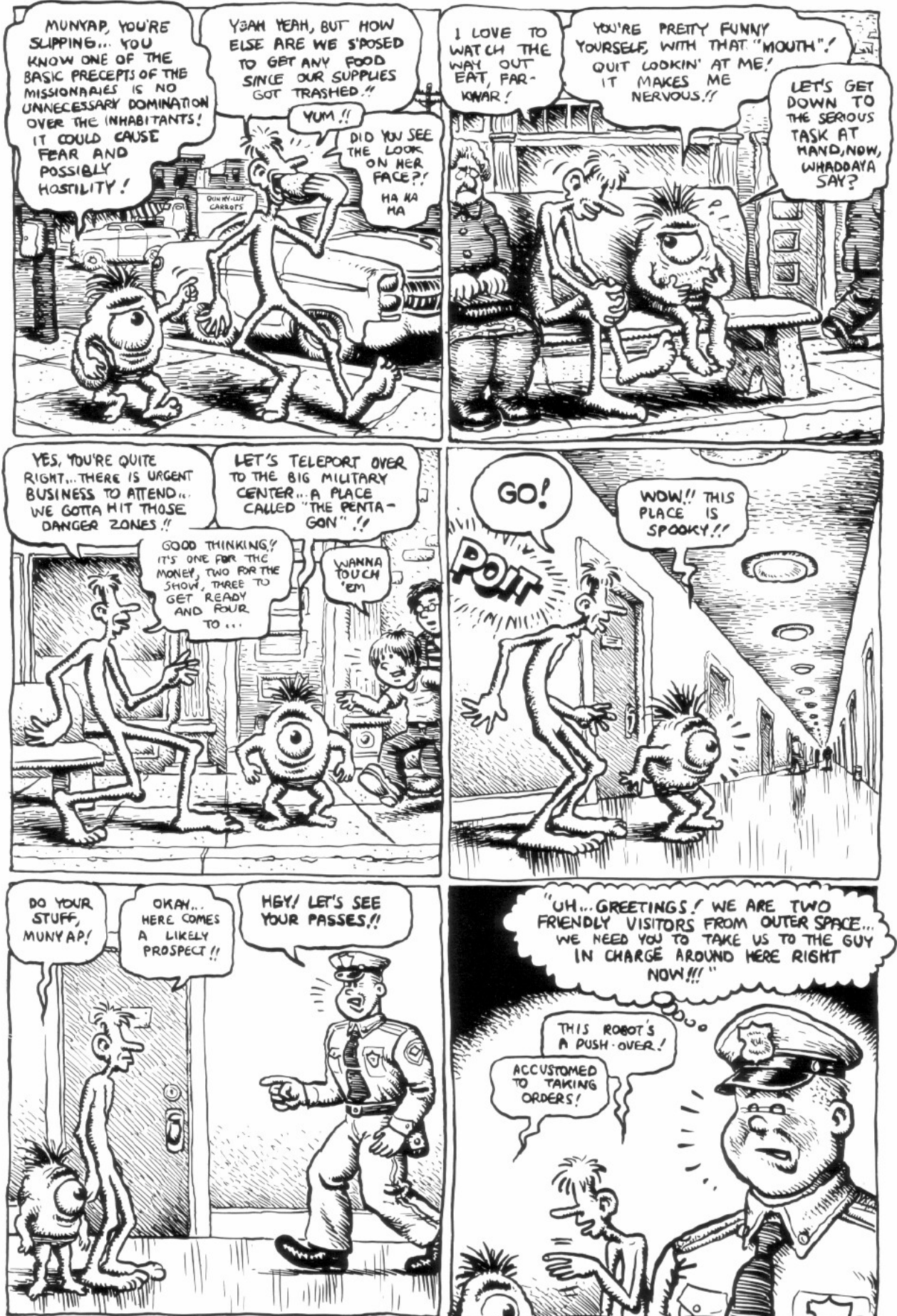


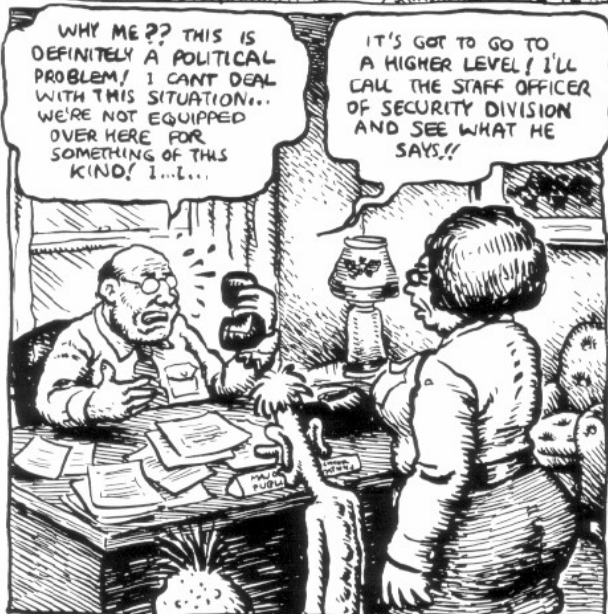
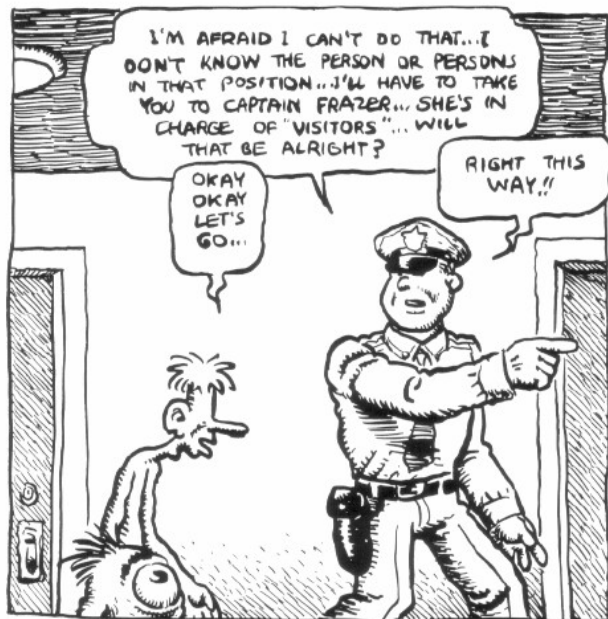




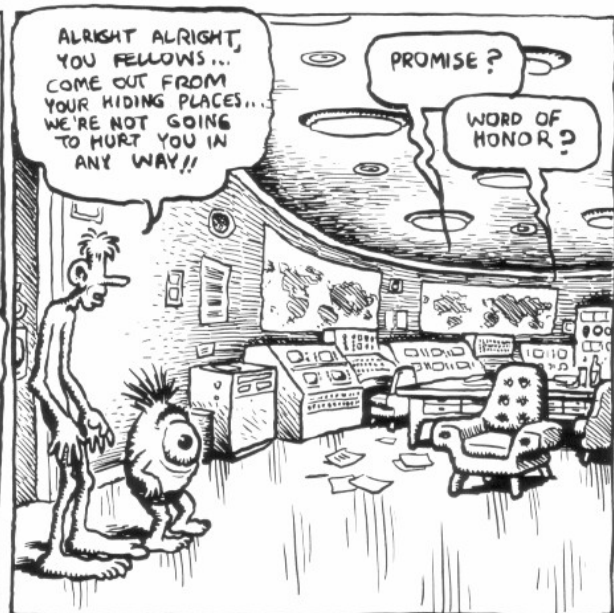
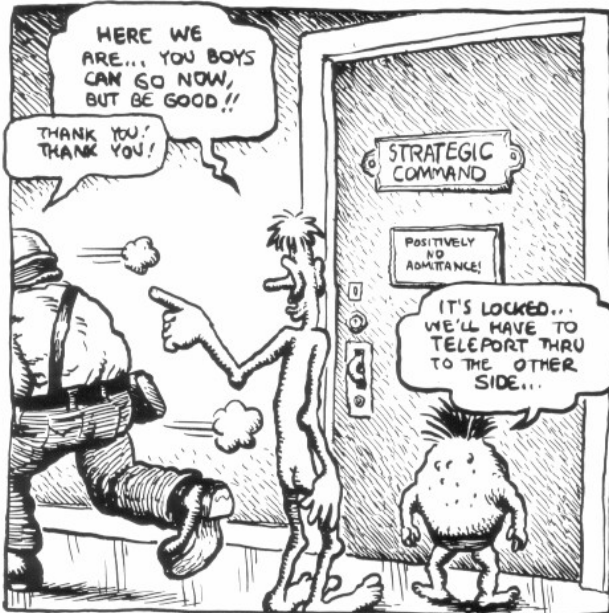










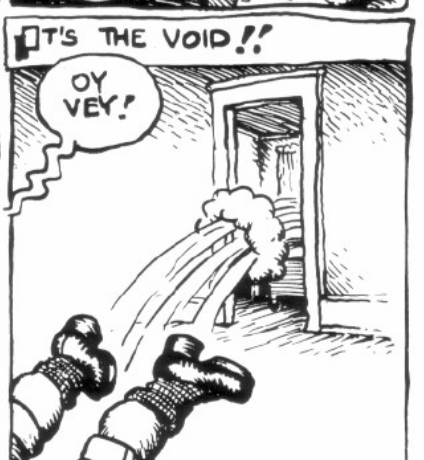




YOU CAN'T AVOID the VOID

—Starring—
VALERIE the VEGETARIAN

by R. CRUMB ©1974



END

R. CRUMB and his CHEAP SUIT SERENADERS

featuring

R. CRUMB: BANJO & VOCALS, ALLAN DODGE: MANDOLIN,
MANDO-CELLO, VIOLIN & VOCAL, ROBERT E. ARMSTRONG:
GUITAR, ACCORDIAN, BANJO, SAW & VOCALS, RICHARD OX-
TOT: BASS FIDDLE & TUBA, PAUL WOLTZ: BASSOON

SIDE ONE

1. **Laughing Rag** (Sam Moore - Arr. Armstrong - Crumb - Dodge)

2. **True Blue Lou** (Robin - Caslow - Whiting - Arr. Armstrong - Crumb - Dodge)

3. **LITTLE RASCALS MEDLEY** (Hil Roach - Arr. Armstrong - Crumb - Dodge)

4. **Willie the Chimney Sweeper** (Ernest Rogers - Arr. Armstrong - Crumb - Dodge)

5. **Kim Bump** (Armstrong - Dodge - Woltz)

6. **CUCKOO WALTZ** (GUNNEL - SANDBERG - PADDOCK - Arr. Armstrong - Crumb - Dodge)

7. **Sweet Lorraine** (Parish - Burwell - Arr. Armstrong - Crumb - Dodge)

SIDE TWO

1. **I'm Gonna Get It** (Weldon - Bronzy - Brown - Arr. Armstrong - Crumb - Dodge)

2. **LUCILLE** (Donaldson - Arr. Armstrong - Crumb - Dodge)
3. **I HAD BUT FIFTY CENTS** (TRADITIONAL - Arr. Armstrong - Crumb - Dodge)

4. **Down in Juke Town** (Morse - Madden - Arr. Armstrong - Crumb - Dodge)

5. **Get a Load of This** (Armstrong - Dodge)

6. **CHEAP SUIT SPECIAL** (Dodge)
7. **I'll See You In My Dreams** (Kahn - Jones - Arr. Armstrong - Crumb - Dodge)

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Recorded at Sierra Sound Labs, Oakland, Calif., and
Arhoolie Record Studios, Berkeley, California.

Produced for Blue Goose Records, a division
of Yellow Bee Productions, by Nick Perls

All songs composed by Armstrong,
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**BLUE
GOOSE
2014**

R. Crumb
and his

CHEAP SUIT SERENADERS



R. Crumb



ALLAN
DODGE



ROBERT E.
ARMSTRONG



The CHEAP SUIT SERENADERS "givin' 'em
what they want" at a recent New Year's party

HOT
TUNES
BALLADS
BLUES
WALTZES
OLD
STANDARDS



BLUE GOOSE 2014

© 1974 by
R. Crumb

Alan
Seidler

THE DUKE
OF OOK



BLUE
GOOSE
2015



Rompin' Stompin' Ragtime

by
**DAVE
JASEN**

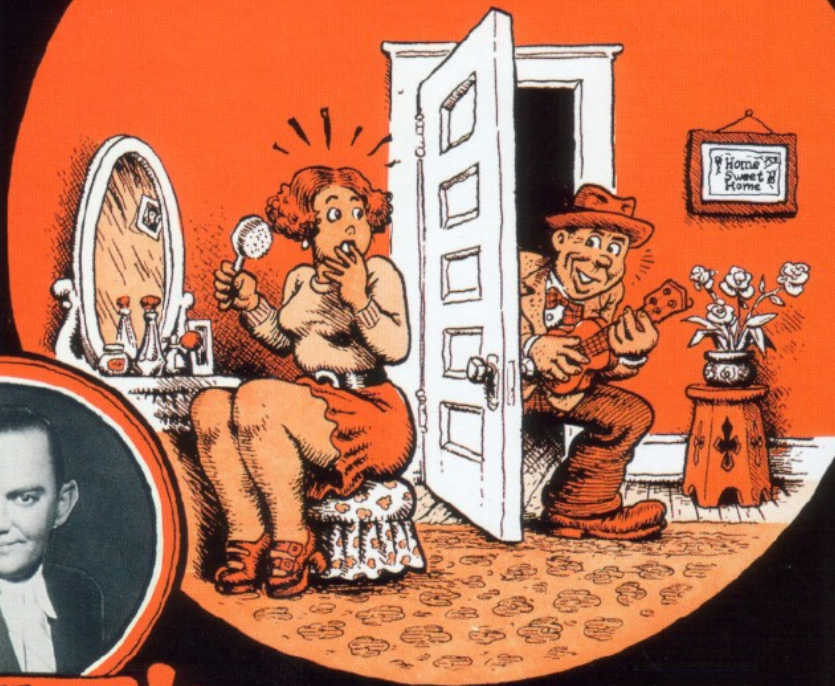


R. CRUMB

Ukulele Ike

(CLIFF EDWARDS)

"I'M A BEAR IN A LADY'S BOUDOIR"



UKULELE IKE
(CLIFF EDWARDS)



©1974 R. CRUMB

Aline and Bob's

DIRTY LAUNDRY

comics

75¢



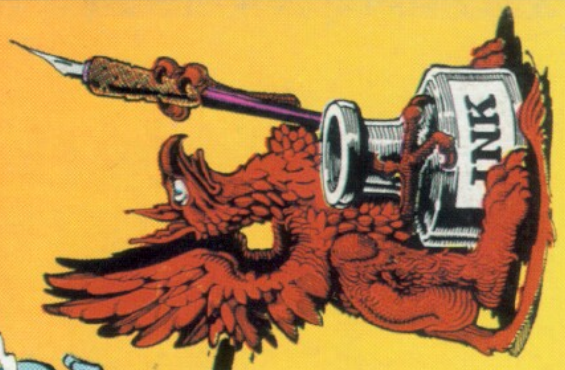
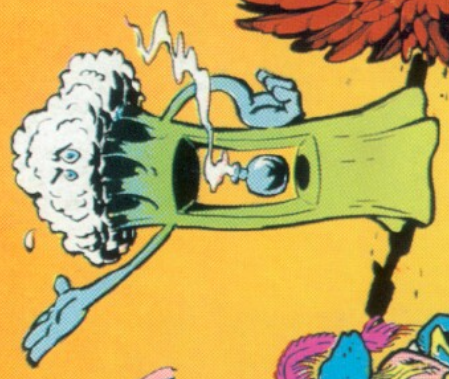
ZAM

50¢

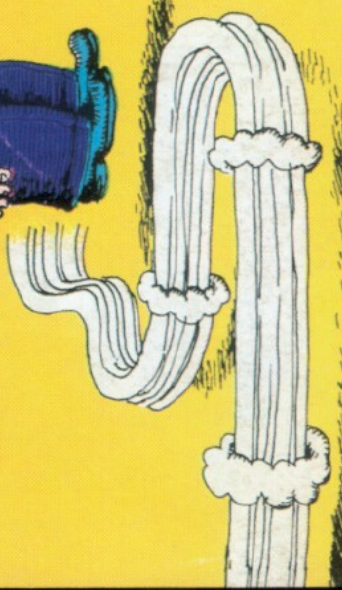
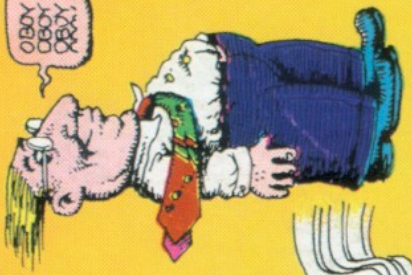
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ZAM

50¢



OOOY
OOOY
OOOY





The Apex Treasury of UNDERGROUND COMICS

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MURPHY

192
PAGES!

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SPIEGEL-
MAN

SPAIN

JUSTIN
GREEN

GILBERT
SHELTON

R. CRUMB

SHARY
FLENNIKEN

BOBBY
LONDON

JAY
LYNCH

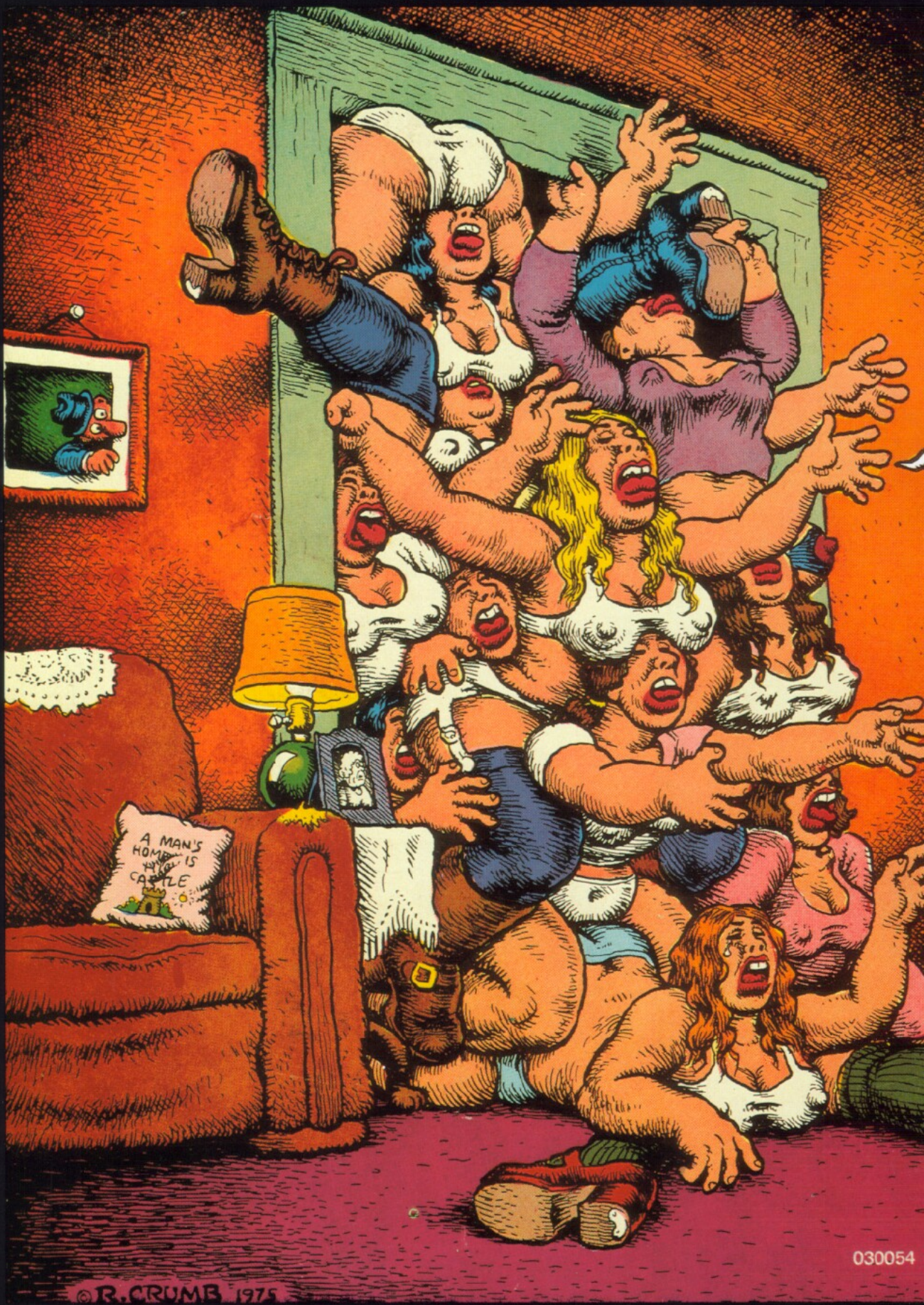
KIM
DEITCH

BILL
GRIFFITH

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Edited
by
DON DONAHUE
and
SUSAN GOODRICK





THE BEST OF **BIJOU** funnies

...COMIN' TA
BED MONEY??
MOAN...SIGH...

IN A
MINUTE!!

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SNICKER

TEE
HEE

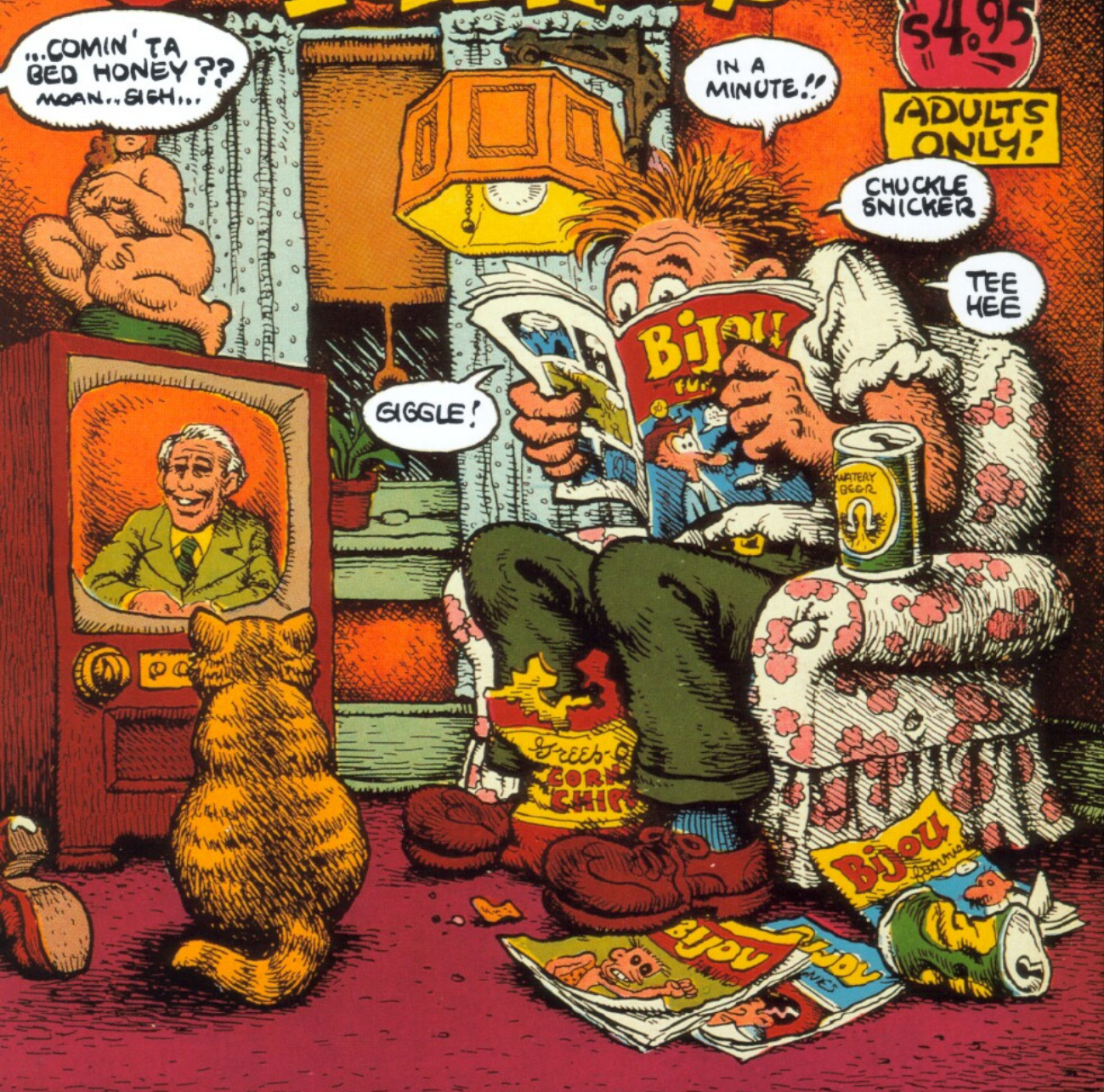
GIGGLE!

BIJOU
funnies



FREEBIE
CORN
CHIP

BIJOU
funnies



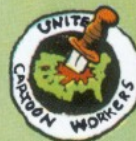


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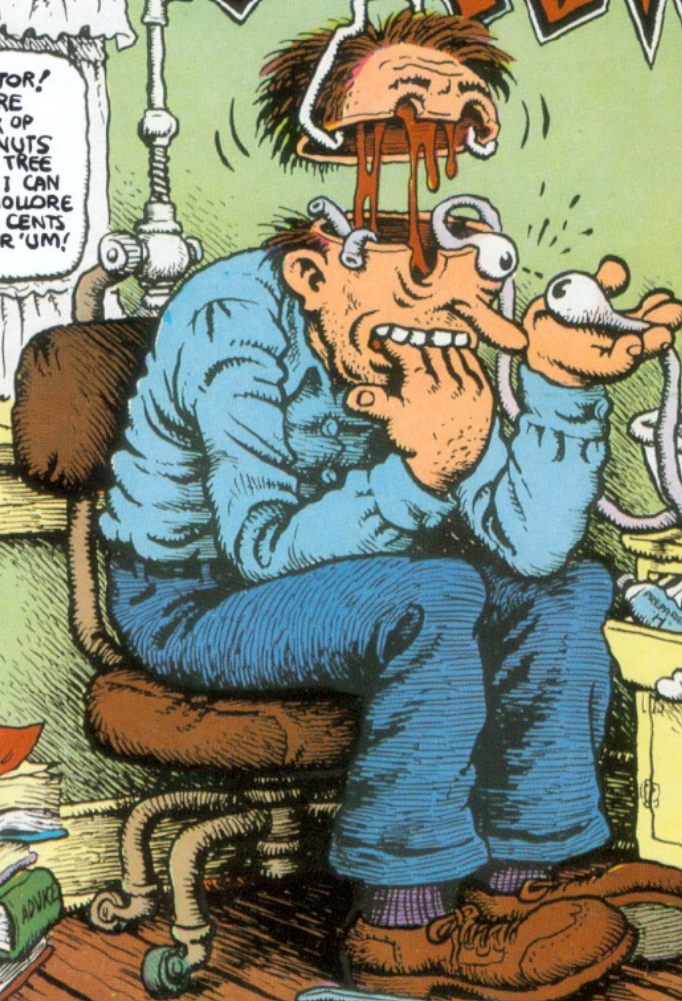
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ONLY



LOOPY COWBOY

'EY MEESTOR!
POR FAVORE
CAN I PEEK OP
DEZE WALNUTS
FRUM YORE TREE
OUT HERE? I CAN
GEET WAN'DOLLORE
SENNY-FIVE CENTS
A BAG FOR 'UM!

SILLY
BOY!



RE RUMB
©1974
PUNYME, S.A.

NO. 1

\$1.25

SPRING 1975

T.M.



©'75 R. Crumb



R. CRUMB ON MODERN AMERICA

Paul Krassner on LENNY BRUCE ★ Comics, Fiction & More

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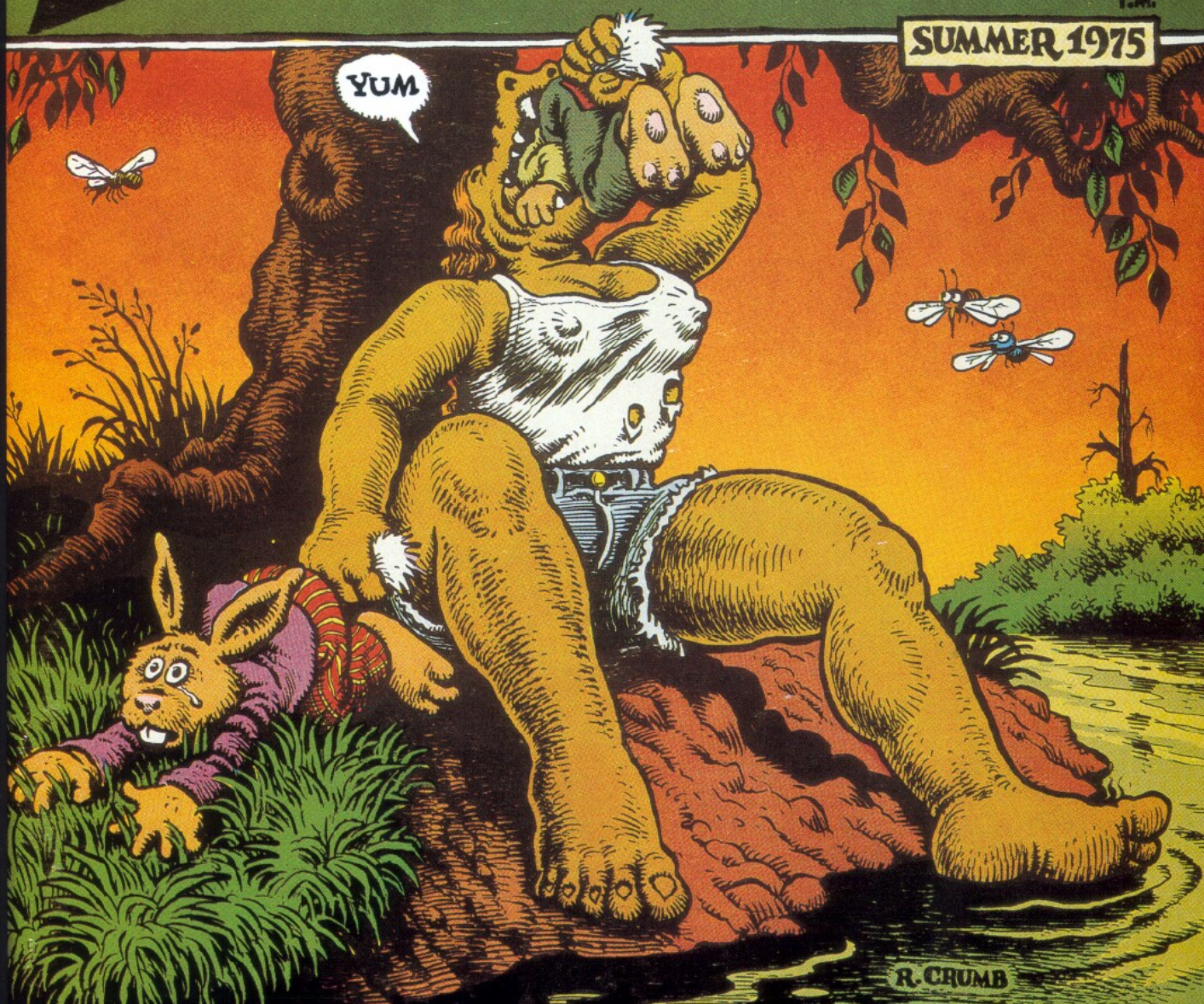
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THE COMICS REVUE

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SUMMER 1975





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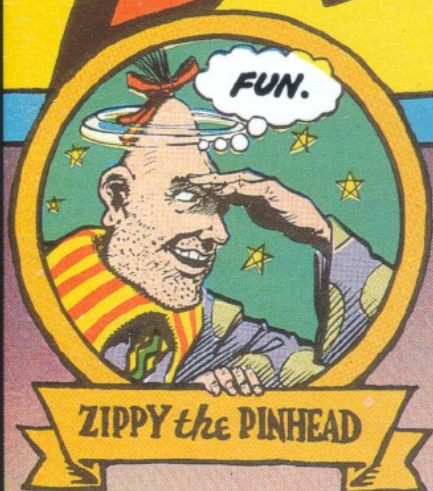
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THE COMICS REVUE

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NO. 3

FALL - 1975



THIS, TO ME,
IS SHEER
POETRY!!



R. CRUMB



NEW STORY BY
WILLIAM BURROUGHS
Illustrated by S. Clay Wilson

R. CRUMB ★ LIFE OF STALIN
As The Mind Reels / A Soap Opera

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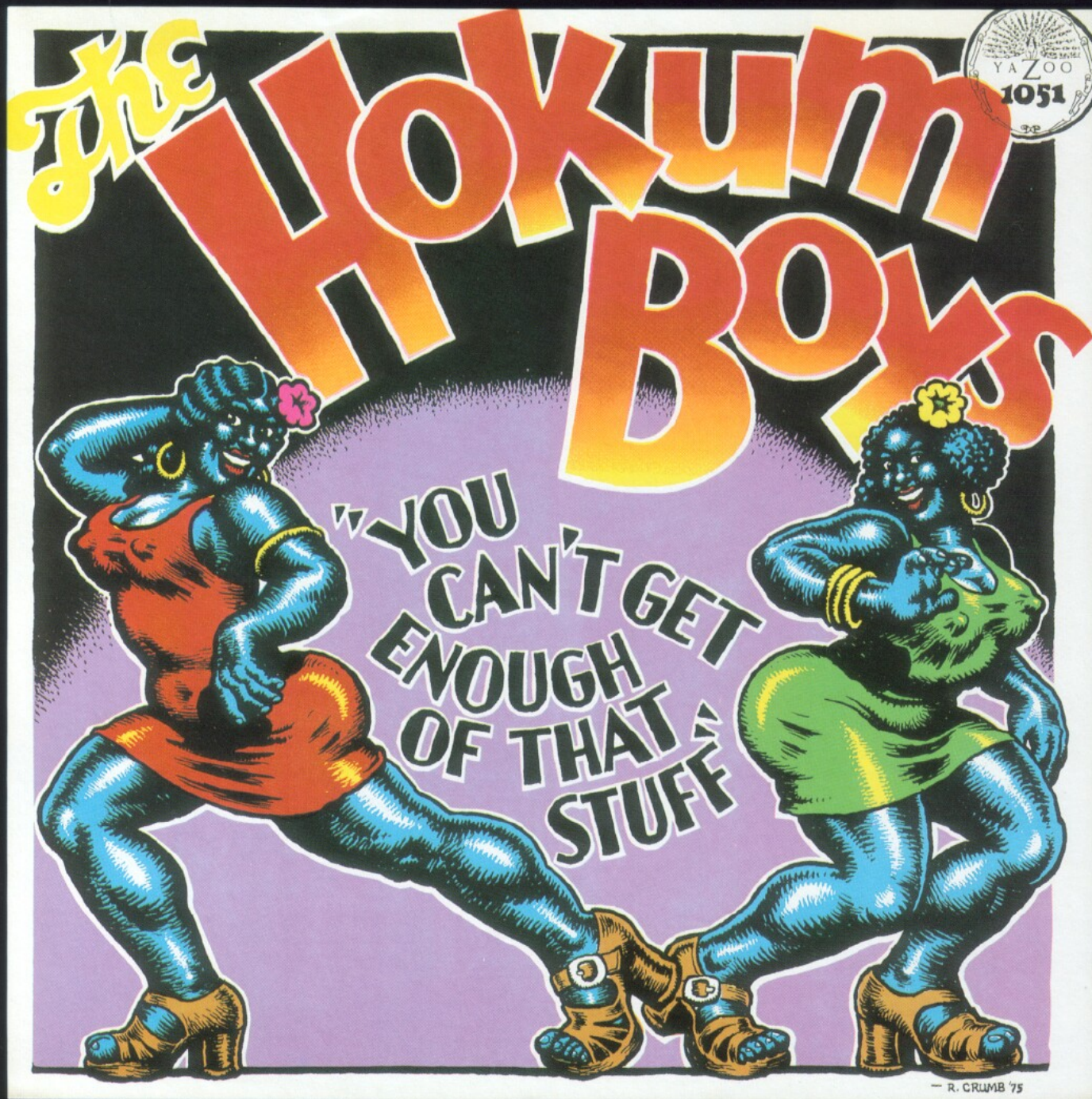
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— R. CRUMB '75



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- ☐ BG-2002 GRAHAM HINE: Bottleneck Blues
- ☐ BG-2003 THESE BLUES IS MEANT TO BE BARRELHOUSED
- ☐ BG-2004 BILL WILLIAMS . . . Low And Lonesome
- ☐ BG-2005 ROGER HUBBARD-Brighton Belle Blues
- ☐ BG-2006 SAM CHATMON-The Mississippi Sheik
- ☐ BG-2007 JOHN MILLER-First Degree Blues
- ☐ BG-2008 TOM SHAW-Blind Lemon's Buddy
- ☐ BG-2009 JO ANN KELLY, WITH JOHN FAHEY, WOODY MANN, JOHN MILLER, ALAN SEIDLER
- ☐ BG-2010 YANK RACHELL
- ☐ BG-2011 SHIRLEY GRIFFITH
- ☐ BG-2012 JOHN MILLER-How About Me
- ☐ BG-2013 THE LATE BILL WILLIAMS-Blues Rags, and Ballads
- ☐ BG-2014 R. CRUMB & HIS CHEAP SUIT SERENADERS
- ☐ BG-2015 ALAN SEIDLER . . . The Duke Of Ook
- ☐ BG-2016 SON HOUSE: The Real Delta Blues
- ☐ BG-2017 STEVE CALT & DAVE MANN . . . Looney Tunes
- ☐ BG-2018 ROY BOOKBINDER & 'FATS' KAPLIN
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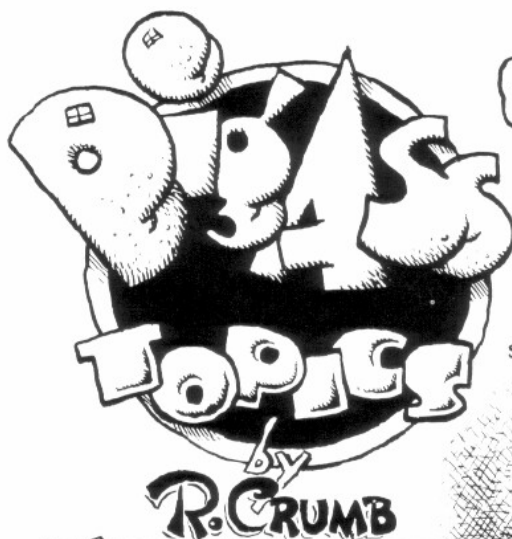
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The Blue Goose sampler has two or more songs by each of these Blue Goose artists: Steve Calt & Dave Mann, Sam Chatmon, R. Crumb & his Cheap Suit Serenaders, Graham Hine, Roger Hubbard, Dave Jasen, Jo Ann Kelly, John Miller, Yank Rachell, and Alan Seidler. Their top material excerpted from their Blue Goose LP's, over 30 minutes per side. This is a special offer. for \$2.49 each we will send you the Blue Goose sampler (if ordered with one or more regular Blue Goose LP's).





FEATURING THAT ANATOMICAL
WONDER OF THIS OR ANY
OTHER AGE, THE FEMALE
BACKSIDE !!

Historical Fact:



A CERTAIN HEALTHY YOUNG
WOMAN OF THE 1920S PROVED
TO THE WORLD ONCE AND FOR
ALL WHAT THE FEMALE REAR-
END WAS MADE OF BY LETTING
CARS RUN OVER HEARS AT A
PUBLIC EXHIBITION !!



OH MY
GOD!!

OH
BAY-
BEE!

...AND THEN THERE'S
THIS TYPE...

I HATE MY ASS!!
IT'S SO BIG AND STUPID
LOOKING!! I FEEL SO EM-
BARRASSED IN PUBLIC...
AND I CAN NEVER FIND ANY
NICE CLOTHES THAT'LL COVER
IT!! WHAT A CURSE! I
WISH I COULD HAVE
AN OPERATION AND
HAVE IT CUT OFF!

WHEN I LOOK BACK
THERE I CANT BELIEVE
IT'S PART OF ME!

FRONT
SHELF

BACK
SHELF

THE Two Shelves

OH, HE
WORST M
IST I'VE EV
HE'S SUCH
BEATS ON M
THING... O
HE KNOWS
TO COME
THE R

SIMPLY
SCRUMPTIOUS

LUCKY
LUCKY
LUCKY



BUDDY'S BOUT WITH A BUTT

HAVE AT
YOU, ASS?





THIS IS
NOT A
HAPPY
COMIC
STRIP.

LET'S TALK SENSE ABOUT THIS HERE MODERN AMERICA

"And I saw three unclean
spirits like frogs come out
of the mouth of the dragon,
of the mouth of the mouth
beast, and out of the mouth
of the false prophet, for they
are the spirits of devils, work-
ing miracles, which go forth
unto the kings of the Earth
to gather them to the battle
of that great day of God
Almighty... And he gathered
them together into a place
called in the Hebrew tongue
ARMAGEDDON.

—Revelations 16:13-16

LOVE ME
OR LEAVE
ME!

IT GIVES ME
A HEAD-ACHE!

BY THAT CRANKY OLD
FUDDY-DODDY,
R. CRUMB
© 1975

HELP! IT'S
GONNA GET
ME!!

YOW

EEEEK!

SCARY!

AMERICA THE
CRUEL BULLY

ONE SIDE
GOOK!

NO KILL PLEASE!

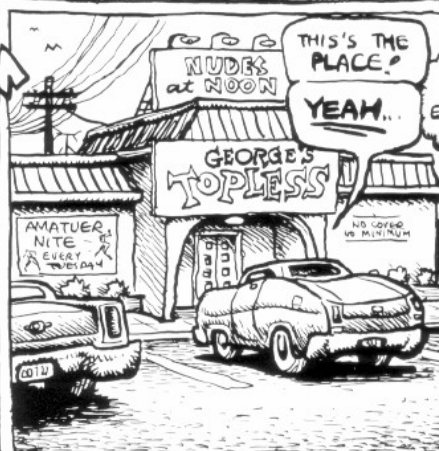
AMERICA THE
GLUTTON

AMERICA THE
GREEDY

AMERICA THE
UGLY!

COMING SOON
MOUNTAIN VIEW ESTATES
500 CONDOMINIUMS
IN BEAUTIFUL
RECREATION AREA!
A BOISE-CASCADE
DEVELOPMENT





I HATE ALL MODERN POPULAR MUSIC AND I HATE MOTORCYCLES...THAT'S RIGHT KIDS, I'M JUST A CRABBY OLD HILL-BOY!

CRUMB RAVES ON...

...AND I'LL TELL YOU WHAT ELSE I HATE ABOUT MODERN AMERICA? I HATE:

FAT CAPITALISTS & ALL BIG BUSINESS, NATURALLY!

"BENEVOLENCE IS A SUBJECT WHICH LIES OUTSIDE THE SPHERE OF ECONOMIC PHILOSOPHY..."

THAT'S HIS FAULT!
KILL HIM!
IT'S ALL HIS FAULT!

LOGAN-CHANTING RADICALS ALMOST AS MUCH...

ONLY THE CULTURAL WORKERS' COALITION HAS THE CORRECT IDEOLOGICAL LINE ON THESE FASCIST OPPRESSORS AND THEIR RUNNING DOG LACKEYS!

SHOOT HIM YA BIG MACHO PIG!
REVOLUTION WORKERS ORGANIZATION
CHE LIVES

GLAD-HANDERS OF ANY KIND!

HEY YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL! THAT'S WHY I KNOW THAT YOU CAN SEE I'M GREAT!

KNIFE READY FOR YOUR BACK

THE 'YOUTH CULTURE' AND ALMOST ALL TEEN-AGERS

THEY'RE LAUGHING AT ME AGAIN... GOD-DAMN LITTLE HEAD FOLLOWERS!!

SHUCKER
TEE HEE
GIGGLE

"FASHIONABLE" WOMEN, ALSO FAG HAGS & FAGS...

PATNETIC DUPE

I HOPE I'M UP TO THE MINUTE!

ALL THOSE 'BEAUTIFUL' PEOPLE... I HATE 'EM

PLASTIC SIGNS

NOT CLUB
CLUB INTIMO
FIRE LITE ROOM

IT'S TOO PLASTIC MAN!

SHOW BIZ PERSONALITIES & MASS MEDIA IN GENERAL

MISTA BO-O-O J JANGLES

URBAN SOPHISTICATES

SO THEN I TOLD HIM "THAT WAS OBVIOUSLY A META-PHYSICAL INVENPO"

HA HA
AH! HA HA HA HOW GAUCHE!

JET PLANES & OTHER FLYING CONTRACTIONS

ROCKET

@*!!!

FREEWAYS, TURNPIKES, THRUWAYS, SKYWAYS, ETC.

MODERN ARCHITECTURE & REAL ESTATE DEVELOPMENT

COWBOYS, REDNECKS AND OTHER WHITE TRASH, THEIR WIVES & KIDS...

NIGGERS AND MOST BLACK-TYPE COONS... WUTDISHIT, BITCH!

SHEEMUV FUH!

BUSHY JEWS...

LEMME HANDLE THIS, BUBBIE!

ARROGANT ITALIANS

SNOTTY WASPS, DUMB POLACKS AND ALL OTHER ETHNIC GROUPS

COULD GO ON AND ON, BUT WHY BOTHER? WHAT DO I LIKE ABOUT MODERN AMERICA, YOU MAY ASK? WELL, THE ANSWER IS:

NOT MUCH!

OLD MEANY!
DROP DEAD, CREEP!
GO LIVE IN RUSSIA!

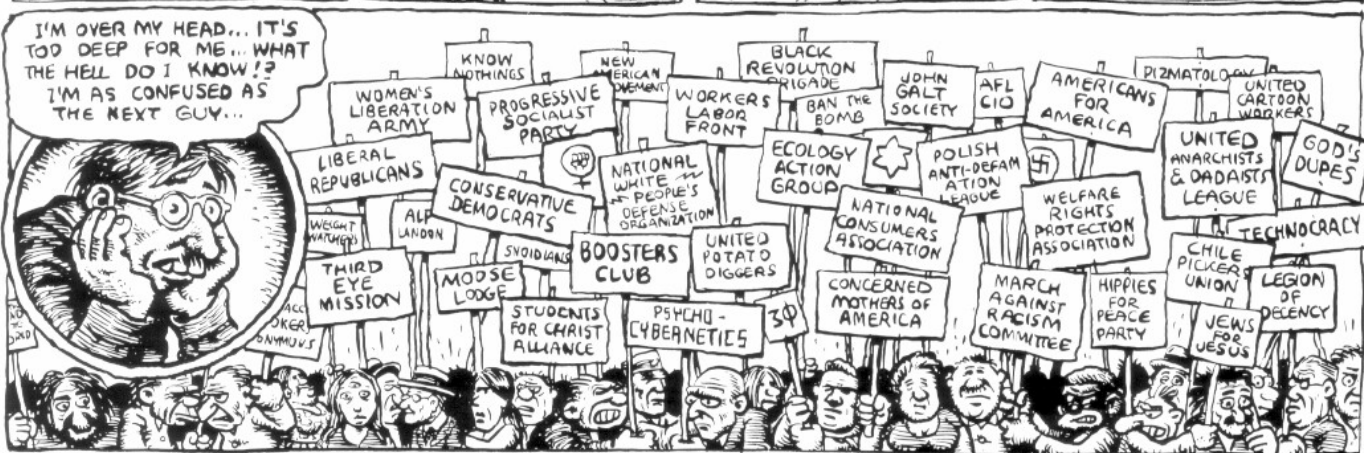
HISS

AND WHAT WOULD I DO TO MAKE AMERICA A BETTER PLACE, YOU MIGHT ASK? WELL, FIRST I'D BRING BACK STREETCARS

DING DING
DING DING

DISMANTLE ALL ATOMIC POWER PLANTS AND IMMEDIATELY STOP PRODUCTION OF PLUTONIUM!

MAN WAS NEVER MEANT TO FOOL AROUND WITH SUCH DANGEROUS AND DEADLY ELEMENTS!



WHAT DOES THE FUTURE HOLD FOR AMERICA?

I CAN'T LOOK!

THE SCARIEST THING GOING ON RIGHT NOW OF ALL THE SCARY THINGS I'VE HEARD OF IS...

RIP

TEAR

AEROSOL CANS!

LOOK AT JOHN Q. PUBLIC, THE POOR JERK'S GOING BERSERK!

YES, ALL LIFE ON EARTH IS NOW THREATENED WITH EXTINCTION BY UNDERARM DEODORANTS, HAIRSPRAYS, AIR-FRESHENERS, SPRAYPAINT AND OTHER COMPLETELY NEEDLESS PRODUCTS IN AEROSOL CANS!

HM!

A BUNCH OF SCIENTISTS HAVE STATED THAT IF THEY DON'T STOP PRODUCING "FREON" IN SPRAY CANS, IT'S ALL OVER BY THE YEAR 2000!!

HA HA HA PSSHHT

FREON DESTROYS OZONE, A THICK LAYER OF WHICH PROTECTS THE EARTH FROM THE ULTRA-VIOLET RAYS OF THE SUN. TESTS HAVE BEEN MADE. EXPERTS IN ATMOSPHERIC RESEARCH HAVE STUDIED THE PROBLEM... THEY SAY THAT FREON IS DRIFTING INTO THE UPPER ATMOSPHERE... ONE ATOM OF THE STUFF DESTROYS 10,000 MOLECULES OF OZONE! SCIENTISTS SAY THAT FROM THE AMOUNT OF FREON ALREADY IN THE AIR, 150,000, OR MORE, PEOPLE WILL GET —

SKIN CANCER!

DUPONT CHEMICAL COMPANY MAKES HALF OF ALL THE FREON USED IN AMERICA... A BIG DUPONT EXECUTIVE WAS ASKED RECENTLY WHAT HE THOUGHT ABOUT THE THREAT TO THE OZONE:

"I HAVE FAITH IN THE BIOSPHERE ACTING TO PRESERVE LIFE."

HE HAS FAITH IN THE... BIOSPHERE... ACTING... TO... PRE... SERVE....

OH MY GOD!

NOTHING IS BEING DONE... FREON IS BEING MANUFACTURED IN GREATER QUANTITIES THAN EVER BEFORE... THE AEROSOL CAN MARCHES ON!!

MY BABIES!

IT'S MONEY, MY FRIENDS... MONEY MONEY MONEY MONEY MONEY!

NO, THERE'S MORE TO IT THAN THAT... IT'S... IT'S...

THE DEEP THINKER

IT'S... IT'S... WHAT IS IT EXACTLY?

HE'S LOST

M-MAYBE IT WON'T HAPPEN, MAYBE THEY'LL FIND OUT THAT THEY WERE ALL WRONG! MAYBE THEY'RE PUSHING THE PANIC BUTTON TOO SOON!

MAYBE... YOU CAN ALWAYS HOPE FOR THE BEST!

EVENTUALLY THEY'LL STOP MAKING THE STUFF IF IT REALLY IS BAD, WON'T THEY?... BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE??

OH EVENTUALLY, MOST CERTAINLY! WE CAN ONLY HOPE THEY'LL STOP BEFORE THE OZONE LAYER IS SO FAR GONE THAT ALL ORGANIC LIFE GETS TOTALLY SCREWED UP!

WELL, MR. CRUMB, IS THERE ANY GOOD NEWS??

SURE THERE IS, LIL' BUDDY! TOMORROW IS GONNA BE A BEAUTIFUL, SUNNY DAY, ONLY I'D FORGET ABOUT TRYING TO GET A TAN... IT AINT HEALTHY!

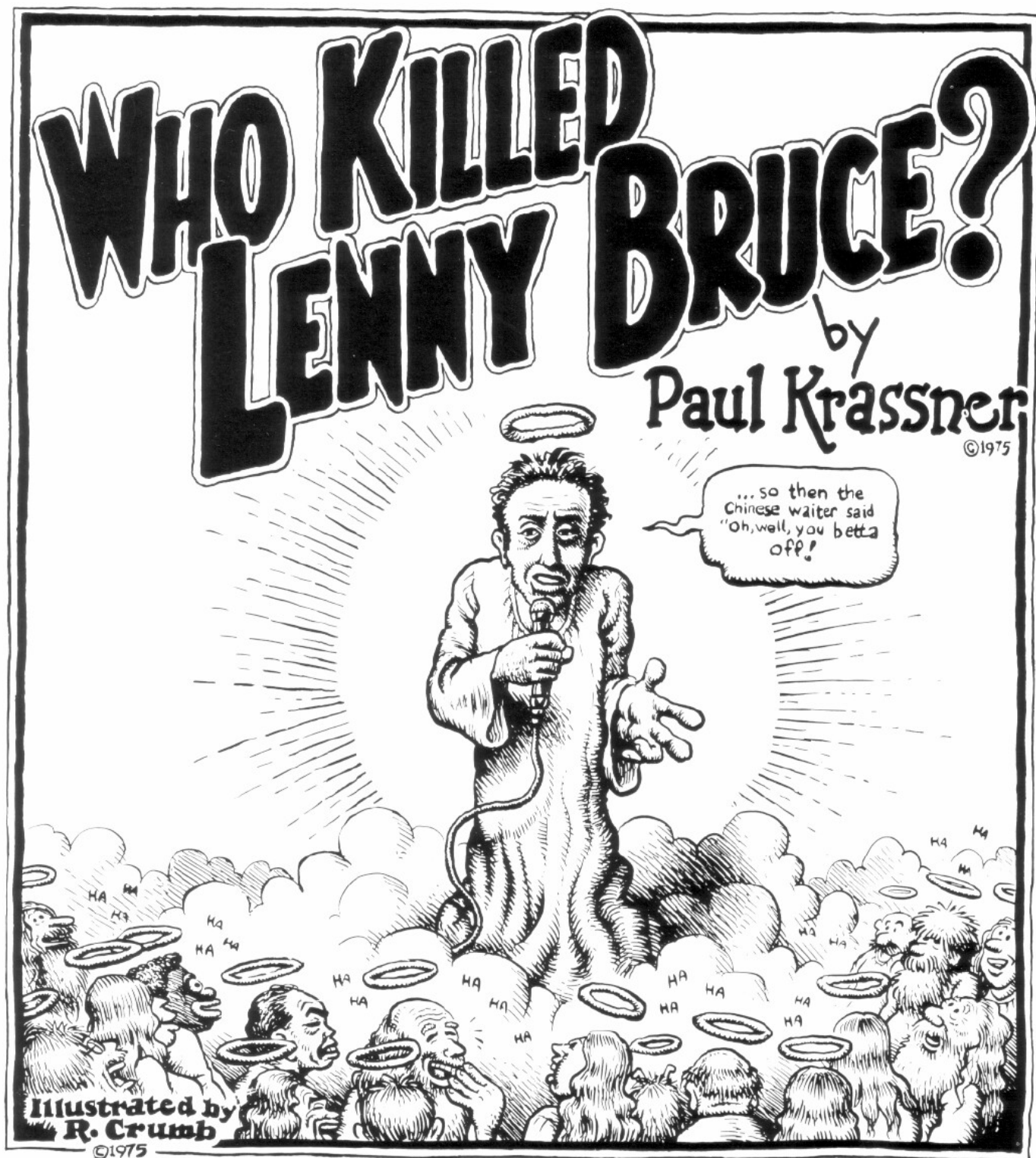
YAK YAK!

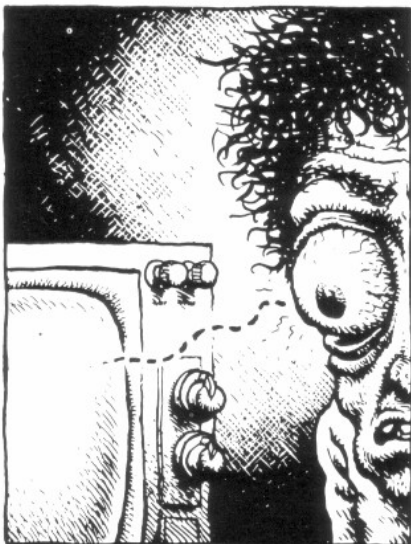
...AND THAT'S LIFE IN MODERN AMERICA!

AIN'T IT A GAS!

BEER!

THE END



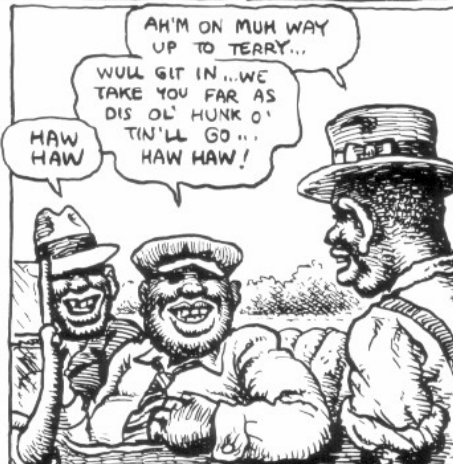


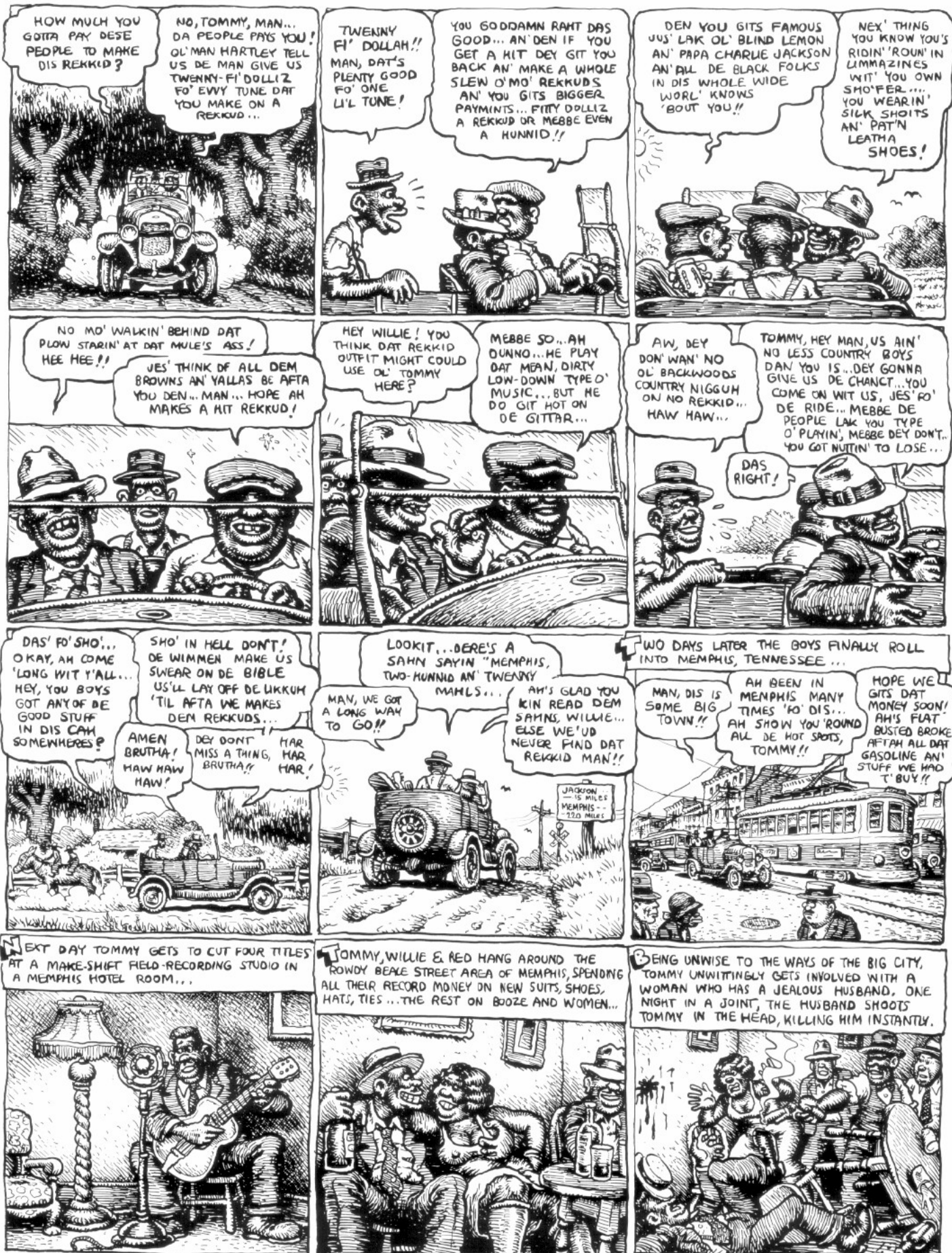
THAT'S LIFE

A HOT SUMMER DAY IN THE "COLORED" SECTION OF CRYSTAL SPRINGS, MISSISSIPPI IN THE YEAR 1931...

by R. CRUMB ©1975







SIX MONTHS LATER, IN THE WINTER OF 1931-32, IN AN OFFICE OF THE "NOBLE" RECORD COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY...



WHEW...

HOW'D THE MEETING GO, ED?

FROM THE HANG-DOG EXPRESSION ON YOUR FACE, I'D SAY THINGS HAVE TAKEN A TURN FOR THE WORSE...

YOU SAID IT FRANK... MY WORST FEARS...



MCENELLY AND SAUNDERS WERE AT THE MEETING... THOSE TWO OLD BUZZARDS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN AGAINST THE FIELD TRIPS FROM THE BEGINNING...

WE FOUGHT THEM FOR EVERY PENNY SINCE OUR FIRST TRIP TO MISSOURI IN 1925...



WELL, PUSH HAS COME TO SHOVE, PODNER... THEY'RE GOING TO DISCONTINUE THE RACE AND COUNTRY SERIES ENTIRELY... ALL FIELD RECORDING TRIPS ARE PERMANENTLY CANCELLED!

HM... TOO BAD... I SUPPOSE IT HAD TO END SOONER OR LATER... THE MARKET'S BEEN DRYING UP... THE MICKS ARE ALL STANDIN' IN LINE FOR A BOWL O' SOUP... WHO CAN AFFORD RECORDS? ...

YEAH, TH' WHOLE INDUSTRY'S IN THE WORST SHAPE ITS EVER BEEN... NOBLE MIGHT NOT EVEN LAST THE YEAR...

AMERICAN RECORD CORPORATION IS PICKIN' UP ALL THE INDEPENDENT SMALL LABELS FOR A SONG... WE'RE PROBABLY NEXT...

LET'S TAKE CARE OF THIS BUSINESS... THE BIG BOYS WANT US TO CUT OUT ALL BUT THE BIGGEST NAME ARTISTS FROM THE CATALOGUE, AND DECIDE WHO MIGHT STILL HAVE ENOUGH COMMERCIAL VALUE FOR FUTURE RECORDING DATES...

... AND I'M SURE THEY WANT TO SEE A VERY SHORT LIST OF NAMES...



... AND THEN THERE'S THE RADIO...



'FRAID SO, PAL!

OKAY, LET'S LOOK AT THE SALES FIGURES... CHARLIE HALL... 300 ON NOBLE 1761 230 ON 1780...

TSK... A PITY... I THOUGHT HE WAS HOT... NEXT IS LITTLE JOE JENKINS... 650 ON 1624... 580 ON NOBLE 1605...

HE'S OUT... HMM... LOOKS LIKE HE'S OUT TOO... BOY, SALES ARE REALLY DOWN FROM LAST YEAR...

WELL, NOBODY'S DOING GREAT... I THINK WE CAN SAVE TIME BY FIRST ELIMINATING THE TOTAL LOSERS... LET'S SEE... HMM... MUMM... OKAY... TOMMY GRADY... HE'S GOT ONE COUPLING ON 1599... SALES: SIXTEEN COPIES!

SIXTEEN! IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE... HA... WHEW... MY SCALP ITCHES... G'DAMMIT...

THAT'S WHAT THEY SAID UPSTAIRS... THEY CAN'T AFFORD TO TAKE CHANCES ON THESE UNKNOWNNS FROM THE WOODS ANYMORE... FROM NOW ON THE POLICY IS "TRIED AND TRUE" ONLY...

TIMES ARE TOUGH... A LOT OF GOOD TALENT IS GONNA GO DOWN THE DRAIN OUT THERE!



SUMMER, 1975... AN OBSCURE RECORD COLLECTOR IS CANVASSING SMALL SOUTHERN TOWNS IN HOPES OF FINDING THE GOOD STUFF...

GEE, THIS TRIP HAS BEEN A WASH-OUT SO FAR... ALL THE OL' TIMERS ARE DYIN' OFF...

HMM... THIS PLACE LOOKS LIKE IT MIGHT YIELD SOMETHING... WELL KEPT OLD HOUSE, LACE CURTAINS, FLOWER BEDS...

'MORNING MA'AM... UH... I'M LOOKING FOR OLD PHONOGRAPH RECORDS... I COLLECT THEM, YOU SEE, AND... UH... IF YOU HAVE ANY OF THE KIND I'M LOOKING FOR, I'LL PAY GOOD MONEY FOR THEM...

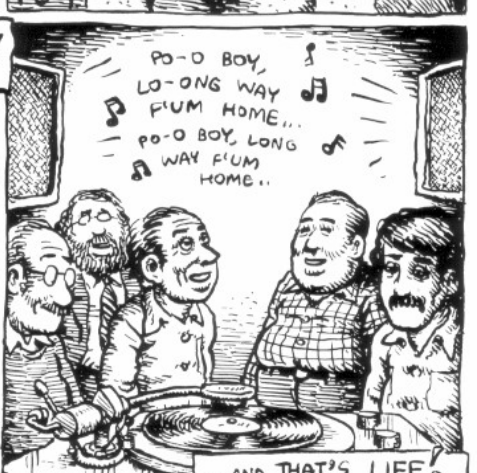
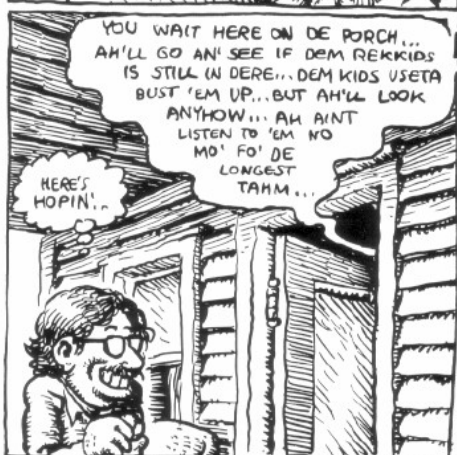


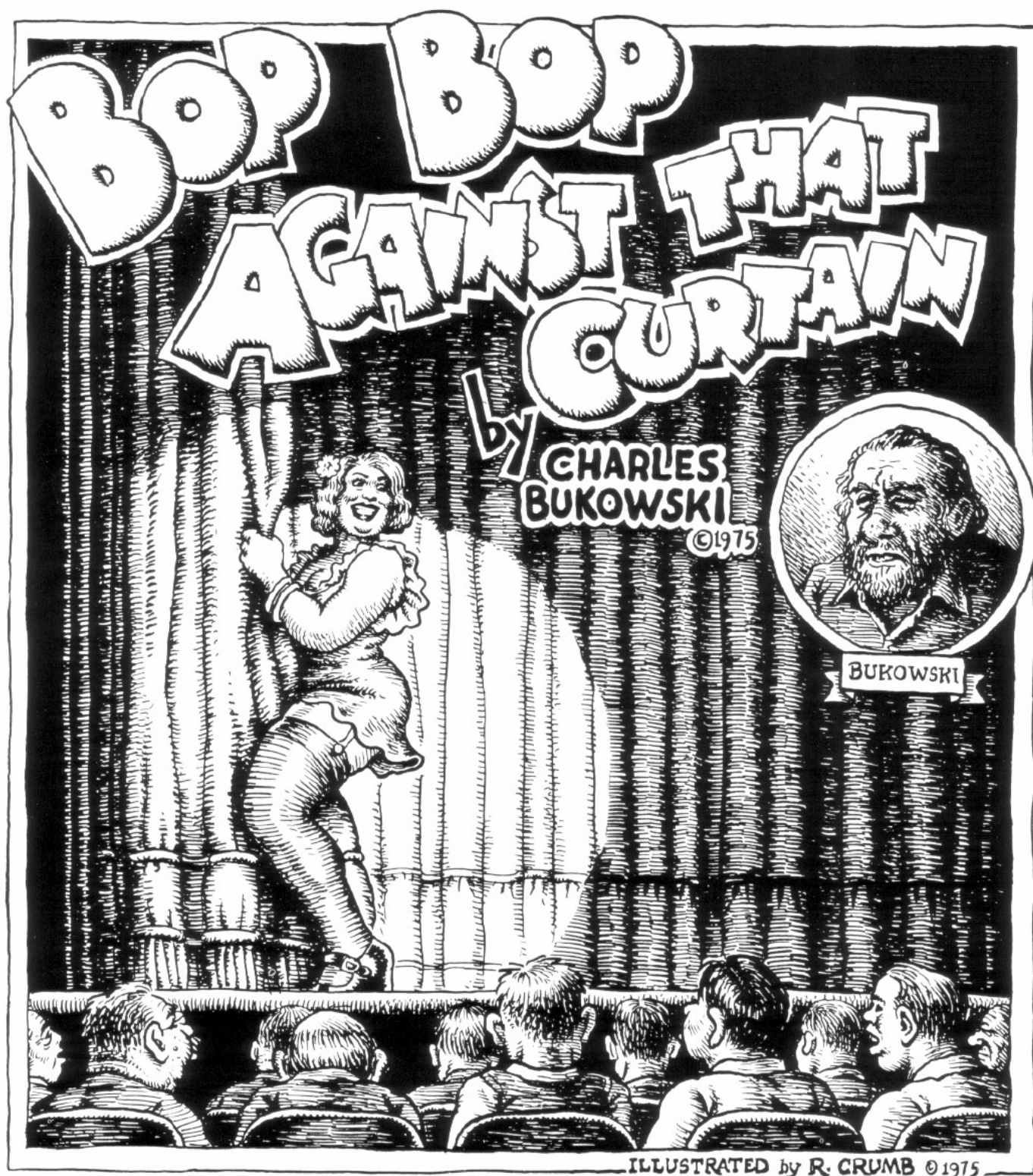
YOU LOOKIN' FO' WHAT, SUH? OL' REKKIDS? HOW OLD YOU MEAN?

I'M AFTER THE REAL OLD STUFF... OL' TIME BLUES, JUG BANDS... THAT KIND OF THINGS... HEH HEH...

OH... UH... AH SEE... YOU LAK DAT OL' BLUES... OH YES... NOW AM UNNASTAN'









When you made a perfect score you got a free game.



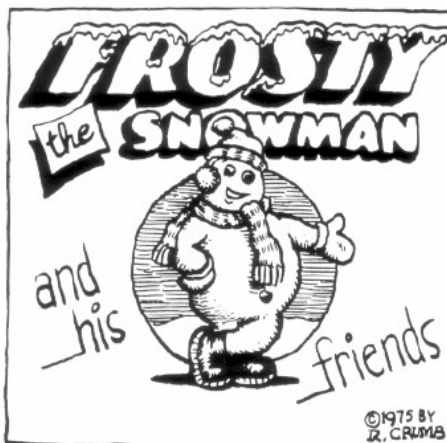
I fought him... from 8:30 in the morning until after sundown.

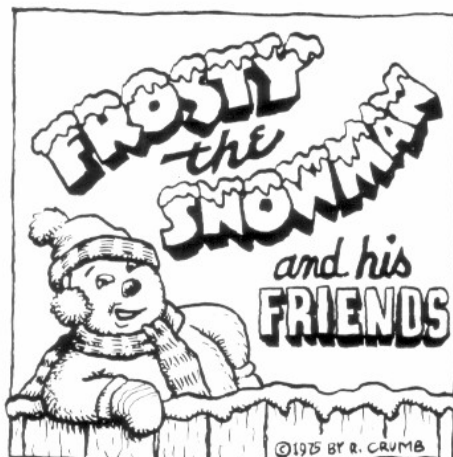


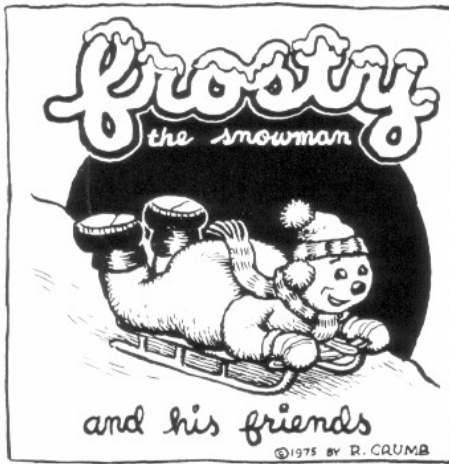
He'd turn to the audience and say "Well, I'll be god-damned!"

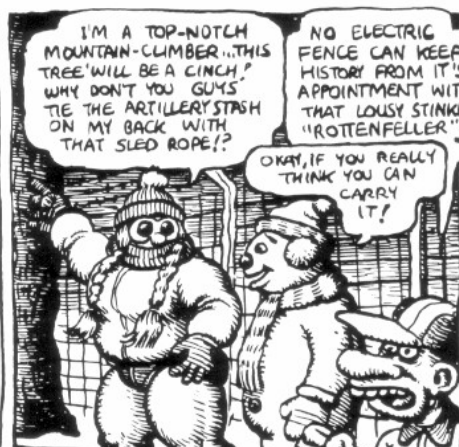
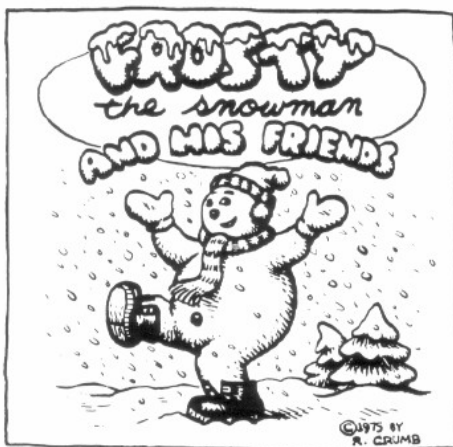


Rosalie had a large ass.

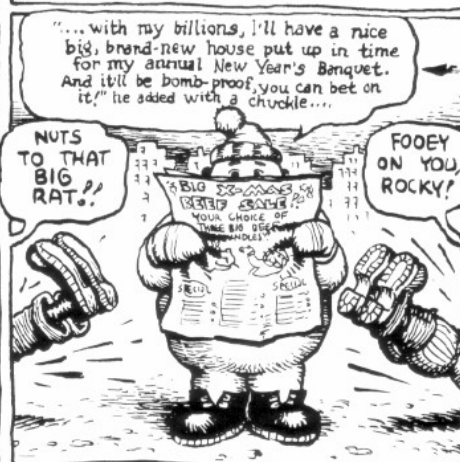
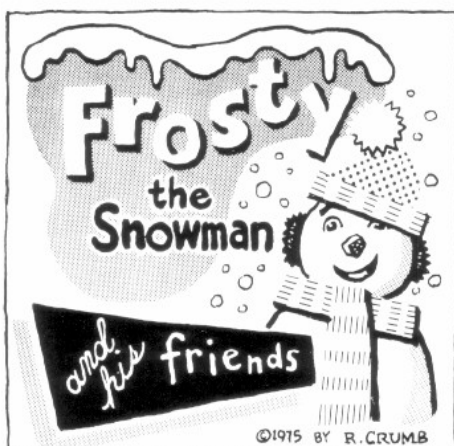














Above: self-portraits for the contents pages of Arcade #1-4
Left: self-portrait for *Slow Death Anthology*

THE YUM-YUM BOOK



OGGIE and the BEANSTALK

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R. CRUMB IN 1963, THE VIRGIN CARTOONIST AT AGE NINETEEN, INTENSE, IDEALISTIC, TOTALLY ROMANTIC, PAINFULLY SHY...

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- R. CRUMB -

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Fantagraphics Books has published fifteen volumes of the art of Robert Crumb so far. Future volumes will include work from Weirido, Arcade, and Hup.

Previous volumes in this series:

***The Complete Crumb Comics, Vol. 1:
"The Early Years of Bitter Struggle"***
(1958-1962, rare Crumb juvenalia)

***The Complete Crumb Comics, Vol. 2:
"Some More Early Years
of Bitter Struggle"***
(1962-1964, early professional and sketchbook work)

***The Complete Crumb Comics, Vol. 3:
"Starring Fritz the Cat"***
(1964-1966, includes work for Help! and Topps Bubblegum)

***The Complete Crumb Comics, Vol. 4:
"Mr. Sixties!"***
(1966-1967, Zap Comix and The Sad Book)

***The Complete Crumb Comics, Vol. 5:
"Happy Hippy Comix"***
(1967-1969, Zap, East Village Other, Motor City)

***The Complete Crumb Comics, Vol. 6:
"On the Crest of a Wave"***
(1969-1970, Motor City, Big Ass, Despair)

***The Complete Crumb Comics, Vol. 7:
"Hot 'n' Heavy"***
(1970-1971, Unceda, Mr. Natural, Hytone)

***The Complete Crumb Comics, Vol. 8:
"Featuring the Death of Fritz the Cat"***
(1971-1972, "Whiteman Meets Bigfoot," Big Ass #2, Mr. Natural #2)

***The Complete Crumb Comics, Vol. 9:
"R. Crumb Vs. the Sisterhood"***
(1972-1973, XYZ Comics, Black and White Comics, "My First LSD Trip")

Other R. Crumb works available:

R. Crumb Sketchbook, Vols. 1-4
(covering the period 1964-1967)

The Life and Death of Fritz the Cat
(collecting all the major Fritz stories)

The Complete Crumb Comics Vol. 10: Crumb Advocates Violent Overthrow continues the multi-volume series comprising the complete works of the legendary cartoonist *R. Crumb*, one of America's most original, trenchant, and uncompromising satirists. The series includes the earliest, heretofore unpublished comic strips, as well as his underground comix, dramatic and autobiographical strips, and his classic cartoon creations, Fritz the Cat and Mr. Natural. This volume features work from 1973 to 1975.



"It's been privately speculated that the 'Frosty' strip was at least partly responsible for the R. Crumb vs. the I.R.S. debacle. No real 'proof,' of course, and yet more than mere paranoia prompts such speculation. I mean, think about it: Pop 'advocates' violence against established American plutocrats, and within a year is embroiled in a vicious fight with a group of unreasonable and unwavering bureaucrats. According to the old man, at one point early in the game, he showed up to talk to some 'agents' and was confronted with a file three inches thick. They knew EVERYTHING! Pop tried to squeak out a little protest and they fuckin' squashed him, fast."

JESSE CRUMB
from his introduction to this volume

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